


July 25th

Filmplay



Florence Vidor

AU REVOIR
HOLLYWOOD
AS RELATED TO
ARTHUR DENISON

E. Kleis

Filmplay's Anniversary Number

CLEAN—CONSTRUCTIVE—INTERESTING

Worth Reading—Every One of 'em

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Au Revoir Hollywood, AND Goodbye!

The reminiscences of a former resident of this film center set down by the facile pen of Arthur Denison.

A "Cut-Back on Doug"

Being the personal reminiscences of Virginia T. Morris, "who knew him when——"

The Spanish Influence in Pictures

Pictures dealing with Spain, its bull-fights and its señoritas have come into fashion.

The Movie Crowd

A study of the audiences which pack the picture theatres.

What the Movies Have Done to Music

An unusual view of the relationship between the screen and music.

Hard Knocks Make a Man

A consideration of the bumps which put Buster Keaton in the front rank of screen comedians.

Mark Tobey's Cartoon of Eric von Stroheim

REGULAR FEATURES

Screen Stars, By Those Who Know Them Best

FILMPLAY's popular series is continued this month in an article on Florence Vidor by her husband and director, King Vidor.

Around the World with the Movies

Janet Flanner comments on the motion picture situation in Rome in a breezy article, *Thumbs Down on the Roman Movies*.

Film Feminists

Gladys Hall's fourth contribution to this interesting series deals with Lillian Gish.

Mae Murray's Fashion Page

An interesting article about lace dresses.

Sheep or Goats?

Frankly told previews about films just released or to be released. Be sure to read these every month.

Screen Favorites

Eight full-page portraits.

Ask Dad—He Knows

He is kept busy by his FILMPLAY friends and has some very hard "nuts to crack," but does so with interest to all readers.

Don't Miss Reading THE FORUM

This new department contains discussions of a very important subject. Why not participate in the monthly contest and win a prize? See page 56.

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Filmplay

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HAROLD HARVEY, *Editor*

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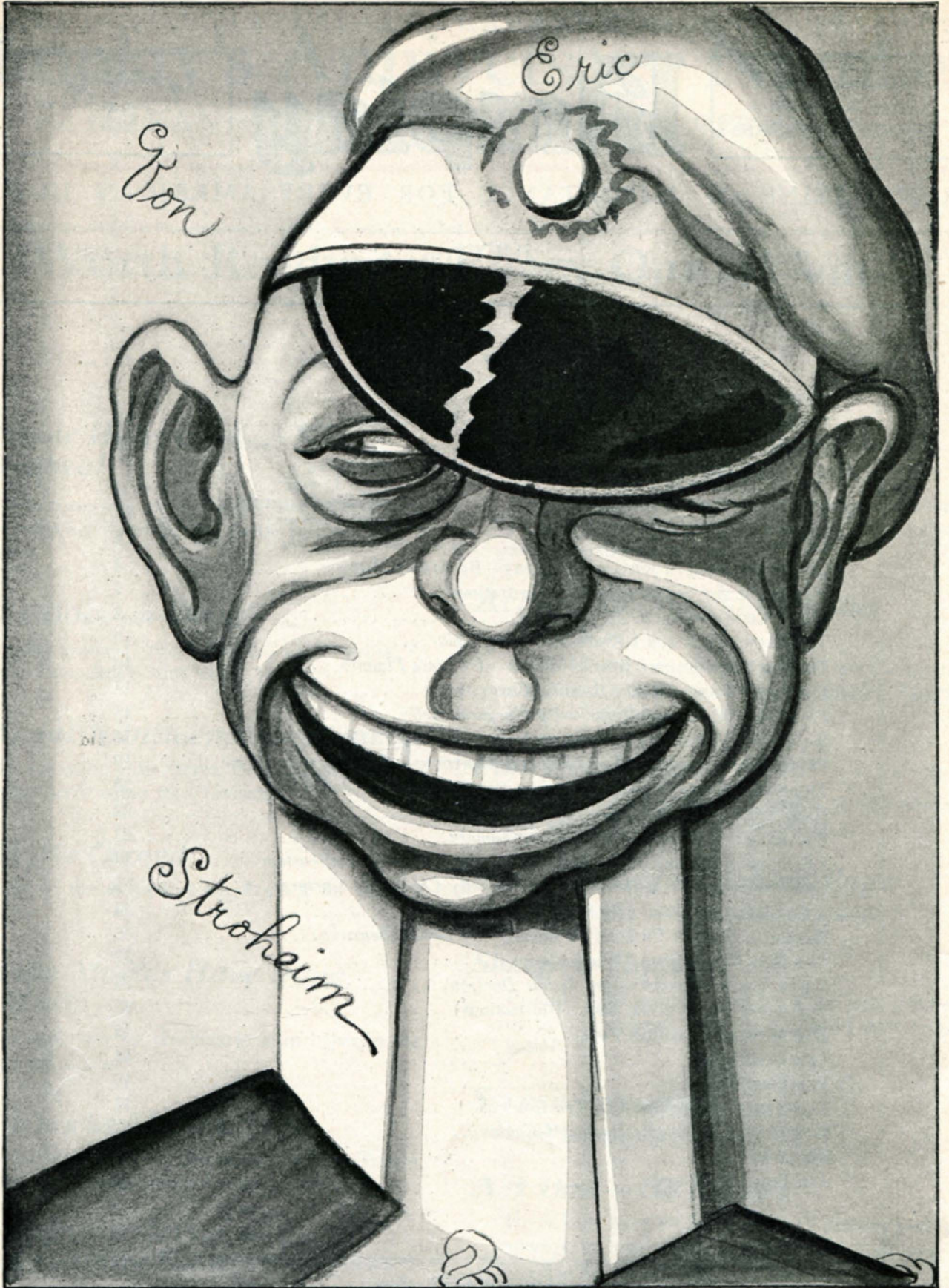
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An Impression of "The Man You Love to Hate"

By Mark Tobey

EDITORIAL

Exit the Foreign Film Menace

WHAT has become of that lusty band of calamity howlers who, no more than a year ago, were shouting that the American film was doomed unless some immediate curb was put upon the importation of pictures from abroad?

The text of their irate sermons, as we remember it, was that in view of the very favorable exchange and the generally lower wage scale which prevailed on the continent, pictures could be made across the sea at a cost with which no American producer could hope to compete.

Economically that was an excellent argument. At the moment it sounded as inescapable as *Newton's Law of Gravitation*. But after all it was a good deal of a campaign speech; and, in practice, it seems to have worked out just about as conclusively as do most campaign promises; as disastrously as do most political alarms.

The premise upon which the impending tragedy to native pictures was based was that all the great hordes of foreign film which were about to come flooding across the Atlantic, darkening the sky in their celluloid flight, would be of the same general excellence as *Passion* or *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Had that been true, of course, native producers might just as well have closed up shop.

When you can exchange an American dollar for a whole market basketful of German marks, the makers of pictures in this land had much better fold up their studio tents, paddle overseas, and pitch them again on the banks of the Rhine.

But the premise broke down. Apparently it was unable to withstand the feverish demands which the rush for importation made upon it.

The vendors of foreign pictures seem to have gone to the same school of salesmanship which turns out our dealers in strawberries. They put all their good ones on the top of the basket. But once you lift off the upper layer you learn how completely you have been fooled.

In the present instance of pictures they have gone from the vaguely bad to the plainly terrible. The farther down in that basket we have dug the poorer the berries have become. And in the case of the most recent importation, a four-part serial, the contents turned out plain raspberries. Thus does the current *patois* help out a limping figure of speech.

That particular serial was so unmitigatedly hopeless that no more than two parts of it ever had the opportunity to cast their appalling shadows on the screens of the New York theatres, which had advertised the whole of it in the typical flamboyant "Better Than Anything Ever Done Before" movie manner. And when one considers that the two theatres which did exhibit the first half of the thing are controlled by the company which imported the film, one can imagine how terrific the last half must have been.

This German-made spectacle was called *The Mistress of the World*. One would have thought that such Gargantuan facility would attract an eager and numerous lot of onlookers. But those who did come, whether to be amused or instructed, remained only to laugh; and with a couple of healthy blasts they blew the whole thing out of visibility.

That lends itself to two interpretations—both hopeful.

First: That while the public will welcome foreign films of excellence (which is as it should be), they will quickly dispense with those which are mediocre. And from what we have seen of the importations, those of particular quality are not of sufficient number to seriously disturb the market for the home product.

Secondly: That audiences are growing aware of, and practicing, their protective right to hoot out of existence a picture which legitimately displeases them. Perhaps soon they will turn a little of that corrective mirth loose against some of the films made in America.

May the producers be both encouraged and warned thereby. A. D.

AU REVOIR HOLLYWOOD and GOOD-BYE!



RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A DEPARTING RESIDENT *as related to* ARTHUR DENISON

I. The Back Drop

AU REVOIR to the land of seedless oranges! *Adieu* to the home of spineless cactuses! *Vale* to the land where one out of every four has discovered that Economic Nirvana which solves all the problems of pleasure and house decoration: put your home in pawn to buy an automobile and use the mortgages for wallpaper! Farewell to the city of flimsy films! Good-bye, Hollywood!

For three years I have climbed each night into one of your disappearing beds—gone voyaging in those painted ships on a hardwood ocean—climbed in with decision, but uncertain as to whether I should awake in the morning securely anchored behind the closet door, with the morning breeze gently agitating a confused rigging of trousers and shirts and ties above my head; or whether I should be aroused by a breakfast-getting maid ringing eight bells with the silverware, to find myself tightly moored behind a built-in sideboard.

I have breakfasted on your large, but slightly acid, oranges; hoping forlornly to exhume one seed which would vary the monotony of Burbankian perfection.

I have read your morning papers dejectedly, only to learn that the *Morning Crimes* is against everything that the *Morning Inquisitor* stands for, and vice versa the *Inquisitor*; and that they both stand chiefly for self-glorification. I have found them in agreement only after cool nights when they would both announce in apologetic headlines

HEAVY FROST PLAYS HAVOC WITH ORANGE CROP,
SAY RANCHERS

I had the misfortune to live on one of your hilltops; a false step into which I was deluded by a too gullible reading of railroad prospectuses. In common with the rest of mankind, I have wondered what had become of Doctor Cook in the hiatus since he published his *Arctic Fables*. I know now. He must have sold his great talent for gentle fabrication for a mess of railroad passes and a few meal tickets at the Fred Harvey eating houses. I feel certain that it was no other than he who wrote the charming bit about the "gentle breezes from off the cool Pacific southing through the stately eucalyptus trees" which persuaded me on to that hilltop.

But I found that the good doctor's sense of geography was just as badly askew in the warm southland as in the frozen north. Those breezes are not gentle, and they do not blow from the kindly Pacific. They have their origin in a certain Santa Ana valley, and they take their name from their windy mother. They are known as Santa Anas.

I remember, as a small boy, while hanging about the fringes of conversation of youths slightly older and more experienced than I, hearing certain words which would engage and stimulate my curiosity. But a hasty trip to my father's dictionary would end only in disappointment. The words would not be there. It is the same way with Santa Anas. You may search through the histories of California; you may read the persuasive fictions fostered by the transcontinental railroads down to their last comma, but you will find no mention of Santa Anas.

But live on a hilltop, as I did, and you will reek with their knowledge and their dust. They blow with conviction. They blow with force. And they blow with an unheard-of tenacity. They are not like respectable winds you have known elsewhere whose object is to flutter flags, or make romantic music in tree tops. The evil mission of a Santa Ana is to pick up every particle of movable dust from off that broad plain from which it springs, and, after insinuating its windy way through the many available fissures in California architecture, to deposit that accumulated dust in neat ridges on your window sills and your floors. In passing, and just to show its insolence and bravado, your Santa Ana will litter its path with a few uprooted trees and disengaged shingles. It will disperse the seven sections of your Sunday paper into seven different counties. But its chief concern is one of propaganda for the Santa Ana valley: to distribute little souvenirs of that barren spot over an unwilling but helpless countryside.

And not until it has succeeded in a broadcast transference of everything which is not nailed down, will it show any disposition to die out and return to a semblance of decency and good manners. Then you come forth with your rakes and your brooms and your dustpans and set about bringing some sort of natural order out of wind wrack and chaos.

These recollections, I know, are supposedly concerned with phases of the gentle art of making motion pictures. And they will be presently. But for the moment, I must sketch in a little background.

However, this seems to be a place where the pictures and the background dovetail to a nicety. I refer to the influence of movie sets on the architecture of southern California. I have no doubt that in some distant and happier time—say about three centuries from now, when future generations will look back upon such present-day foibles as throwing a man in jail for having a flask of spirits in his pocket with the same ironic sadness that we now contemplate the imprisonment of Galileo for asserting that the world was round—I have no doubt that, in those far-off days, one may see a lot of bespectacled old gentlemen poking about with sticks in the excavations of what was once Hollywood, seeking and finding indubitable evidence of the fact that something catastrophic happened to the fine art of the carpenter and the joiner and the plasterer when motion picture sets began to rear their flimsy shapes all over the Hollywood landscape. A long sentence.

They may seem a bit fantastic. But if we, today, go nosing about India seeking proof of the fact that Alexander the Great brought with him, on his conquest, Greek artisans who had their detectable influence on the art of the Orient, why may we not suppose that future archeologists will go prowling through the ruins of southern California for evidences of that battle in which the shades of Sir Christopher Wren and McKim, Mead and White were bested by the more material architectural henchmen of the Goldwyns and the Laskys? But, back to business.

That hilltop parody of a house of which I spoke, that house which threatened to flap its beshingled wings and fly away with each seductive Santa Ana; which offered hospitality to a large share of the rain that fell; which afforded, through its filigree roof, an almost uninterrupted view of the starry sky, is an excellent example of the baneful movie influence.

A motion picture set, you know, gives the polite lie to that old wheeze that Rome was not built in a day. Why, given just the right amount of beaver board and the necessary thumb tacks those ardent movie carpenters can, in an eight-hour day, get you up a very nice semblance of the entire Roman Empire proper, from its birth to its Decline and Fall. And allowed half an hour overtime, at the usual union rates, they can add thereto a very pretty representation of Mr. Caesar's side trip into Gaul.

But, as with its more substantial prototype, the seeds of its decay are already lurking within it. Thumb tacks cannot be expected to hold fast forever against the dramatic gales which will assault the walls to which they play plaster. Beaver board, under the persuasive damp of the California rains, will become soggy and dejected. And so the River Tiber will mingle the blue of its painted water with the brown of its painted banks; the Campus Martius will be no more martial than Mr. Newton Baker in a borrowed uniform directing the maneuvers of the Kankakee Home Guard; and the mammoth pillars of the Coliseum will most resemble great, gray angleworms hanging forlornly from some shadowy, decaying portico.

Now, they know and expect *that* where motion picture sets are concerned. Yet those conscienceless architects of that promised—but as yet undelivered—land turn around and apply the same sleazy principles of construction to their alleged houses.

All one has to do is to wander about southern California a bit to learn that the early settlers did not turn to a discarded berry crate when they wanted a model for their house building. They let the well known California sun bake clay into good, substantial bricks which went into five-foot walls

supporting roofs of impenetrable tile. They built for generations and not for a tourist season.

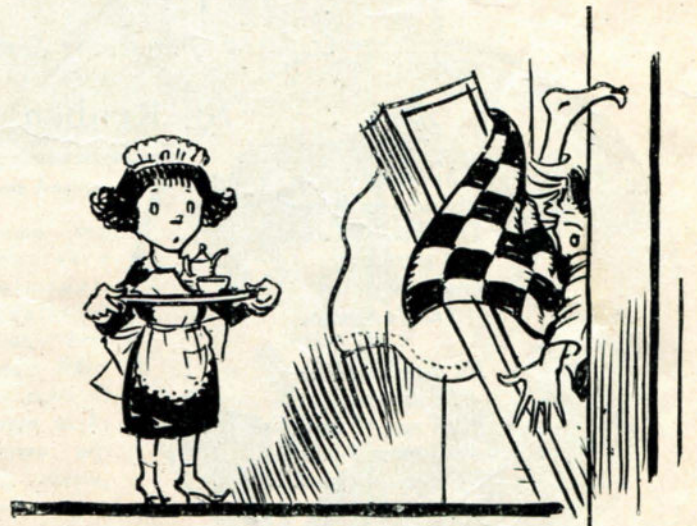
But along came the movies and the face of the land was altered. Visitors in Hollywood, if they want some assurance of solidity, can still go about in the daytime visiting the old missions and poking the tips of their inquisitive umbrellas into the chinks of substantial masonry. But at night they will have to seek their rest in a swaying cradle of light lath, well-watered plaster and chicken wire.

You won't believe that. And neither did I until one day I went exploring under the house I told you of. Now I am not naturally of an inquisitive disposition; yet I could not help wondering, each time I looked up and saw the ridgepole describing a letter V against the blue sky, what gave the roof that dejected appearance in the middle. I knew that the house was heavily mortgaged—I believe, in fact, that it was doing its best to bear up under three of them—and I thought perhaps that was the cause of its sinking condition. Indeed, I was certain of it when one day the distraught owner told me he had missed an interest payment, and I distinctly saw the roof sag another three inches.

Yet I was wrong. I learned so on another day when the landlord bobbed up with a smile to tell me that some remote aunt in Kamchatka had died and left him a tidy little sum with which he had just obliterated the third mortgage. I rushed out at once, confident that that roof, released of a portion of its burden, would have taken a noticeable bound skyward. But there was no change. Its ups and downs were apparently more attributable to Sir Isaac Newton than to the First National Bank of Hollywood.

And so I went exploring. Outwardly that building had most of the appearance of an orthodox house, and, apart from the idiosyncrasies I have mentioned, I had found it a fairly habitable place in which to live. But crawling under the thing, and looking at the place where its foundations should have been, filled me with the same feeling which must engulf one on learning that for a long time one has been dwelling over a volcano on the immediate point of eruption.

For there weren't any foundations, unless you want to dignify a few nondescript cobblestones with that name. And they had a cracked and woe-begone appearance which expressed infinite weariness with their job. I could fairly hear their individual molecules bidding each other good-bye as they prepared to separate and fly into space under the weight of the four-by-four corner-posts and uprights which they were supporting. That is, there were a *few* four-by-fours. The rest were two-by-fours. They formed the ribs of that skeleton of a domicile. Between them was stretched some very ordinary chicken wire. And upon that chicken



"I wondered whether I should be roused by the maid to find myself tightly moored behind a built-in sideboard"

wire there had been slapped a lot of the most incohesive plaster that any mason ever contrived out of a little sand, a great deal of water and the whites of a couple of eggs.

Upon my word, that is all there was to that house. A rag, a bone, and a hank of shingled hair. Not an ounce of good, meaty masonry about the thing anywhere. That landlord was something of a Shylock, being Semitic by instinct, if not by feature. And I have often thought how shocked and surprised he must have been when he went around and tried to collect his pound of flesh from off that emaciated apparition.

I don't know if they sing hymns in Hollywood; but if they do, certainly *How Firm a Foundation* is not one of them.

Well, that is enough about houses. Perhaps too much. But one should, if one can, make some contribution to original thinking; and I don't recall anyone's having mentioned this trying problem before.

Of course, this adding of a general air of impermanence to the architecture of the town is not all the pictures have done to Hollywood. Changes have tripped over each other's heels in their frenzied hurry.

I found it a little difficult to gather information as to what Hollywood was like before this second gold rush disturbed California's placidity. One has no trouble in finding a number of people scattered about Chicago who vividly recall the time when Mrs. O'Leary's cow thought her mission in life was pyrotechnic rather than lactic. But you are rather put to it to discover any present resident of Hollywood who can remember the days when seeing a man in leather leggings meant that he was trying to keep the burrs out of his feet and not that he was a motion picture director.

And the reason for that is comparatively simple. For not much more than ten years ago that part of Hollywood's population which is not engaged in the making of pictures lived half in Kansas and half in Iowa. As nearly as I could learn, they grew tired of a perpetual diet of rolling plains and fortnightly meetings of the Farmers' Grange, relieved only by a brief Chautauqua season every other summer. The sight of the Overland Limited, on pleasure bent, careening by their front gates, day after day, got into their blood. So they

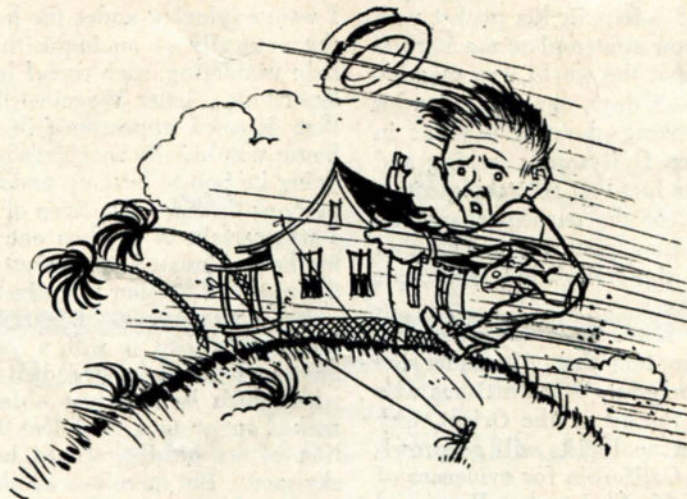
exchanged their bank books for certified cheques, climbed aboard the Elysian Express and fled to Los Angeles, where life is one long Chautauqua meeting, there to die on the interest of their hard-earned savings.

And since they have lived in Hollywood, their eyes have been too full of sunshine, and their minds too full of planting pink geraniums to look much about, or to make inquiries into the town's past history.

Oh, yes, the town has changed since the old days. Time was when a lonely passenger used to rattle around in the occasional street car

which the Pacific Electric would send out on a voyage of discovery to that suburban wilderness. Nowadays, all you can see is swarm after swarm of heaped-up, crawling humanity moving swiftly along between parallel tracks. Once I saw one of those busy human ant hills lurch a little to the side and come to a sudden stop. Legs, and arms, and hats gradually disengaged themselves from that wriggling mass, assumed the individual shapes of men, women and children; and crawled down and out and away from the thing exactly like a lot of ants abandoning a lump of sugar. And presently there emerged before my startled gaze—a street car. It was off the track.

(Continued on page 52)



"Santa Anas blow with force, conviction and unheard-of tenacity"

A Tip for Hot Weather

(Offered after seeing Sessue Hayakawa in action)

By Reuben Peterson, Jr.

When the weather's hot
And you long to freeze,
The thing I'd do
If I were you
Is to see Sessu'
The Japanese.

He always plays
In tragedies.
With sword and dirk
And an evil smirk
He goes to work
With Japan ease.

Your temperature falls
A dozen degrees
As he ceases to slay
And turns to pray
To an idol of clay
On his Japa-knees.

You're cold by the time
He dies in peace
With a cruel "ha! ha!"
(For he's murdered his pa
His Japan ma
And his Japa-niece!)

Sisters of the Shadow Stage

NOT ONLY IN ACTUALITY ARE THESE YOUNG WOMEN SISTERS BUT THEIRS IS A SISTERHOOD IN THEIR CHOSEN FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR—ALL OF THEM ARE LEADING FIGURES OF THE WORLD OF FILMS

Both Shirley Mason and Viola Dana (right) have achieved stardom. A few years ago they were the Flugrath sisters of Brooklyn. Viola, by her excellent acting in the play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," blazed the trail to the family success



Photo Monroe

Photo Seely

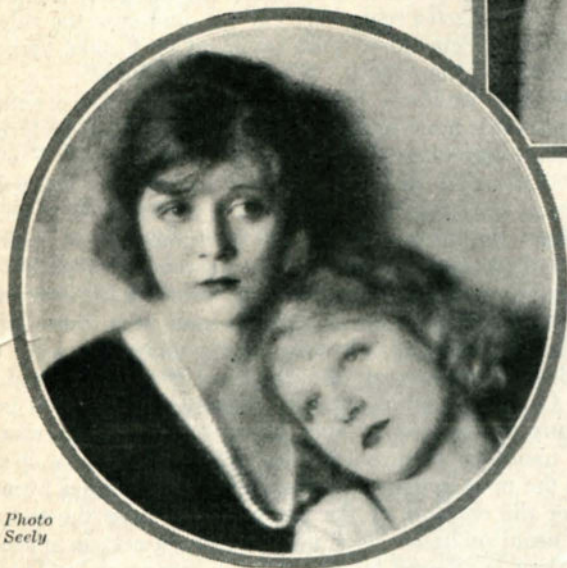


Photo Seely

Jane and Eva Novak, both of whom have been seen with William S. Hart, are two sisters whose work has placed them in the front row of popularity



Lillian Gish, often called "the screen's greatest tragedienne," and her sister Dorothy, comedienne by nature, who surprises her audiences by her portrayal of the pathetic blind girl in "Orphans of the Storm"

Katherine MacDonald and Mary McLaren are another pair of sisters whose names are familiar to every movie enthusiast. Miss MacDonald has been starred in many pictures and Miss McLaren has played leads for many male stars



Photo Johnston

Norma and Constance Talmadge, equally famous, have chosen different types of screen work; Norma prefers drama; Constance, comedy



Photo Abbs

Movie Crowds

A STUDY OF AUDIENCES WHICH NIGHTLY FILL THE PICTURE THEATRES

By M. M. Hansford

FROM the box-office standpoint the Crowd, and not the Picture, is the thing. When the picture theatre is lucky enough to have both a good picture and a good crowd, then may the directors smile and rest easy about the rent for the week. During the big weeks, when every night sees the house packed to the doors, the whole staff, from the manager down to the smallest page boy, eats heartily and has good digestion. But let the crowd fall off and the pickings become skimpy, then the house wears an air of settled gloom and the manager's wife wonders why hubby doesn't enjoy his dinner. To cap the climax, during such weeks there is a strip of film in the *News Weekly* showing somebody's funeral, and the organist, kind soul, plays a few measures of Chopin's *Funeral March*, at which even the porters border on suicide.

The Crowd, then, is the thing that makes life hum along Broadway. The amazing size of crowds bent upon seeing pictures and other forms of theatrical amusement in New York probably reaches its most acute stage on Broadway between Forty-second and Fiftieth streets on Saturdays, Sunday evenings and other holidays. Here we find masses of people that a small-town visitor might take for a riot, so far as numbers of milling human beings without murderous intent is concerned. On the days named, between the hours of two in the afternoon and ten at night, it is barely possible to walk on the sidewalk with any degree of comfort and, as a matter of fact, many persons take to the street in spite of the danger from automobile traffic. All these people are on their way to shows of all kinds and descriptions. Many of them care little where they go or what they see, just so they have the feeling that something is doing. As a result of this crowd the clink of coin and the flipping of tickets from the ticket-selling machines may be heard up and down Broadway from noon until ten at night. And a little later may be found sundry managers and treasurers, surrounded by assistants and automatic pistols, counting up huge stacks of money, the easily taken toll of the day, preparatory to a fat deposit in a near-by bank.

This is the mere skeleton of the crowd question—the simple statement that crowds mean money—and it does not take into consideration the trouble, expense and shattering of nerves that is experienced by the men who handle these masses of hungry amusement-seekers. Handling motion picture crowds is not an easy task. It differs from the problem of the ordinary theatres. These latter sell a ticket for each seat, with eight shows a week at the maximum. The picture house gives about twenty-eight shows during the week. That averages four each day, and the crowd is supposed to change after each performance. From long and harrowing experiences the work of handling picture theatre patrons has been studied and planned until it has been organized into something little short of a science. The toil and hardships borne by the house managers and the usher forces are not generally known to the great public that batters at the doors night after night. In some instances sidelights on crowds form an interesting theme

for comment. The worst conditions in handling crowds were found during the war, and the year after, when troops were moving homeward. It was during this period that every house manager on Broadway became a pacifist. He prayed for war to cease forever and ever. In those days it seemed there was no end to the stream of humanity that seethed up and down Broadway, not only on the days mentioned above, but every day in the week. They were nervous, wild for amusement, with pockets full of money and stomachs full of food and "red ink." The consequences were somewhat disastrous for the picture theatres. One vaudeville house I know of was almost wrecked in the rush. Everything movable was stolen; ash-trays were unscrewed from the smoking tables, the bottoms of orchestra seats were cut out, and even the rubber mats under the cuspidors were snatched up to take home for the children to play with. It was a great time!

Since the war, Broadway has subsided to a certain extent, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the motion picture theatres. They have been hardest hit by this falling off of the crowd. Of course their profits were abnormally inflated for five years, and this fact makes it worse to bear now. Not only have the crowds fallen off in numbers, but their whole psychology has changed; their nervousness has disappeared and they study the schedule of prices a little more closely than formerly. Let us take a look at a crowded Broadway house during the showing of a popular picture.

In the district mentioned, the Rialto, Criterion, Strand, Rivoli and Capitol shine as supreme examples of all that is best in picture presentation. They boast staffs selected from experts in handling theatre crowds. The auditoriums are laid out on the most approved plans and everything has been arranged for the comfort of the patrons. In these theatres, besides the usual orchestra floor and balcony, a certain space on the first floor is allowed by law as "standing room." This is a definite part of the floor, designated by upright posts and roped off by tapes. The capacity of these houses, then, is every seat and standing room filled. When this capacity has been reached, no more persons are allowed to enter or, in house parlance, they are "held out."

With this state of the crowd accomplished without mishap, we still have the lobby just outside of the main doors. This is also filled by late-comers, and is sometimes packed to suffocation—sardines in a box scarcely describes it. These people are held out until the crowd inside begins to filter out, or until the "break" between shows occurs about 9:30 in the evening. This lobby crowd, during the early part of the evening, as a rule, increases faster than it is admitted, and often overflows out over the sidewalk. However, this latter condition only occurs when some unusual picture is being shown. Managerial troubles are about equally divided between the crowd outside in the lobby and the standing room inside. The reason for trouble is plain: there are about five rows of people in the standing-room section, the first two rows of which may have a fair view of the screen; the others scarcely see

Although Mr. Hansford's article deals with the crowds which clamor at the doors of the great picture palaces of Broadway, he describes motion picture audiences in every part of the United States. What is typical of the crowd in one city is typical of the crowds in all cities. The man who leads a demonstration against the management when he is forced to wait for a seat; the woman who claims to have the right to be admitted free of charge; the man who comes and spends the day in the theatre exist in every city. Read what Mr. Hansford has to say about movie crowds. His article is based on personal experience. For many years he was a member of the house staffs of three of New York's best known theatres

a few feet of it at intervals. The outside crowd doesn't see anything. When we have paid our good money and can't see a blessed thing anywhere, except darkness and blank walls, the best of us become somewhat impatient, to put it mildly.

You will naturally ask why men and women, seeing beforehand that the theatre is packed to the limit and overflowing outside, will purchase tickets and stand in the street, sometimes in rain and snow, waiting for a chance to get in. It is a thing to wonder at, presuming that most of them have comfortable homes, with the furnace going. But Broadway on holiday nights is amusement-mad. It is crazed with the desire to see or hear something, it makes little difference what, without regard to cost or health. These same persons have probably been to every other theatre in the district and found the same conditions—everything filled up and jammed in front. So they buy tickets and camp on the pavement rather than tramp around further. They have got to see something before they go home.

IN THE case of a long feature, when the crowd outside thinks the first show will never end, signs of unrest make themselves felt. Even the back rows of the standees inside get restless. Trouble is started by some person, whose dinner has disagreed with him, calling aloud for the manager. He is backed up by his immediate neighbors; and soon everybody within hearing unites in a chorus denouncing the theatre. It is a disgrace to a decent city and ought not to be allowed. The leader asks the manager what he means by selling seats when "there ain't no seats," and then the fun begins, albeit rather tragic. And the manager tries to explain, but what the man wants is not an explanation—he really wants to be taken into the theatre through a side door or some tunnel of communication unknown to the general public—any way to get him in without longer waiting. One can't blame him much, being human and at the end of his resources. But he feels much better after blowing off a little steam, and eventually goes back to his place prepared to trust to luck. In such cases there is always one main idea in the patron's mind, and that is to be taken into the house, however strictly the law has stated that no more shall be admitted after the seats and standing room are filled. The questions and unreasoning demands put to the manager during these conditions furnish material for gauging a certain class of patrons, fortunately small.

PERSONS who get into a theatre without the usual method of buying a ticket are said to "crash" their way in. This term is also used for an usher taking a patron down the aisle to a seat ahead of others who have been waiting. The usher "crashes him down the aisle," as they say. For this offense the usher is discharged, if caught. I don't know where the term originated, but it is very expressive. Persons who try to crash are considered nuisances by the house staff; and, indeed, they are. From the house standpoint there are two ways of getting into the show, by the ticket method or having a properly signed pass.

The various types of persons who make trouble run true to form year after year, and the Broadway managers have nearly all of them neatly catalogued and pigeon-holed. Whenever a new specimen shows up, his name is passed around to the staff, and sometimes to other houses, and his record is listed with the rest. The most common nuisance, of course, is the person who knows the managing editor, or the manager, or an usher, or a projectionist. He may or may not know anybody connected with the place, but he uses that excuse to crash in. Orders are usually given that no person of this type is to be admitted without a pass.

The biggest nuisance, though, is the mother of the new reporter on the Broadway *Griller*, who comes around when everything is crowded, bringing three children and her unmarried sister from Paterson. She has neither passes nor tickets and is stopped by the doorman. She is absolutely astonished. What! Don't know my son? She begins to get mad and begins to talk at the same time; and the poor doorman, who lives in Carnarsie, hesitatingly says the son's repute has not yet reached him. He would like very much to know him, but truth compels him to deny acquaintance with this budding literary sprout. Then there is contention and flying of fur. Manager is called and importuned for Class A seats; manager has dim remembrance of reporter's fame, then quite unwillingly (?) sends the family to the publicity office for passes. For three days after the manager dodges the publicity director and knows him not.

THEN another personage comes around on a windy night, when the house is filled and the sidewalk covered—the star of the picture. She wants six seats—all together—she has a regular young picture company with her. You would imagine she was going out on location. The manager struggles out bareheaded to the Rolls-Royce, catches cold, and says he will see what he can do. He makes a feint of going in to study the situation carefully, comes out again and says "Come back in exactly thirty minutes; perhaps I can fix it up." He insists on thirty minutes precisely; otherwise no seats. He knows in his heart she will never come back; few ever do. She runs over a dog or something up the street and that diverts her attention, after which she and her party decide to go to the Winter Garden. Then there is the hefty old "extra" who comes around on an odd afternoon and asks for the manager. Says he, "I play the bum in *The Dread Desire*, and business being somethin' awful just at present I thought I would like to see the pitcher. Studios all closed; I used to have my own act in vaudeville, but business went to the dogs and I'm laying off this week." And you welcome him with open arms and shove him into a balcony seat where he sits for the rest of the day, perfectly happy at seeing himself on the screen.

WHILE these cases cited are a few of the exceptional ones, it must not be overlooked that just these exceptions are the cause of worry and misery on the part of the house managers. Needless to say that the great majority of picture-goers are modest, sane and delightful people, filled with a desire to see a good show at a reasonable price. In some respects they are much more agreeable than the regular theatre crowd. Their intent enjoyment of good pictures is worth all the trouble with the others. One of the most remarkable sights to be seen in any theatre is that from the front rows, looking back over the orchestra and up to the balcony, on a crowded night when a big picture is having its first presentation on Broadway. The intense stillness, eager looks, and the quite apparent youthfulness of the great audience give a never-to-be-forgotten thrill.

Comment might also be made on the great good nature of these huge crowds. It has been often said that New York crowds will stand anything, and one wonders if it is not true when such conditions as described were a daily occurrence during the war, and even now when some exceptional picture is showing. This certainly speaks largely for the good sense shown in such times. Panics are easily started, yet nothing of serious moment has ever happened in a Broadway picture house. And more and more, as the crowd settles back into something approaching a normal attitude to picture shows, we shall find the maximum comfort in the theatres devoted to this form of amusement.

This is the story of another happy couple, though married, living in Hollywood and giving their united efforts to picture making

This story, told by the husband, is one of the most charming of FILM-PLAY's great series, "Screen Stars by Those Who Know Them Best"

The Florence Vidor I Know

A study of the star by her director

King Vidor



A LITTLE more than eight years ago a young fellow from Beaumont, Texas, visiting over the week-end in Houston, was introduced one Sunday afternoon at a friend's house to a very delightful young lady—in fact, one of the most delightful young ladies it had ever been his good fortune to encounter. Thinking it over subsequently, after several other week-end visits, the young man decided that his original estimate was wrong. She was not one of the most delightful young ladies he had ever met, but the most charming bit of femininity in the entire state, if not the entire United States.

The young fellow thought that, and much more. I know exactly what he thought. I was the young fellow. Florence Vidor, the party of the first part in this little sketch, was the young lady.

Quite naturally any impressions I may record here of Florence Vidor as an actress will be tempered by the fact that she happens to have been my wife since a few weeks after the Sunday afternoon on which I first met her. When we were married, in Houston, Florence had never appeared on the stage, even in school or amateur affairs, had no family theatrical connections and was devoid of the slightest idea that she would ever appear before a motion picture camera. Her career, so she then believed, was to be largely a domestic one.

A year or two after our marriage we decided to go to California. An unusually hot Texas summer had something to do with the decision, as did our desire to see the Pacific Coast. The possibility of either of us finding our way into motion pictures never entered our heads.

We spurned the railroads and made the trip West in a Ford, both because we wanted to see the country and had plenty of time for a leisurely vacation. Florence enjoyed that flivvering journey across the desert, I believe, as much, or more, than any trip before or since. We carried camping equipment and spent most of the nights bivouacked beside the dreadfully bad New Mexican and Arizona roads. The trip was a difficult one, but to Florence the hardships were more than compensated for by the wondrous brilliance of the Arizona nights and the impressive magnitude of the New Mexican landscapes.

Florence made her screen debut some two years or more after our arrival in Los Angeles. I had decided to devote my energies to pictures and naturally had made many professional acquaintances. One of them, a director of consider-

able reputation, visiting us one evening, asked her why she had never appeared before the camera.

"It has never occurred to me," she replied, and added, "besides, I've had absolutely no experience, know but very little of dramatic technique and don't suppose I'd have the slightest chance of succeeding in the face of so much capable competition."

The director, who had a high regard for Florence's beauty and potential possibilities, nevertheless persisted, brought the subject up several times during the next few weeks and she finally consented to test her talents as a screen actress. Her real start dated from the time that she made much of a "bit"—a minor role—in *A Tale of Two Cities*, produced by Fox, a characterization that attracted general attention.

I shall not attempt to describe her pictorially. From the photographs illustrating this article conclusions may be readily drawn. Physical beauty, of course, is ever a matter for individual opinion. Personally, I think—but I'd naturally be expected to think that.

She does not want to become a great actress if greatness is weighed in measures of versatility, as she has a distinct dislike for unpleasant roles, an antipathy toward portraying any character of negative or negligible qualities. Her idea of a starring role is one that brings some *eclaircissement* to a social or domestic problem that is universally experienced. While she does not believe that there are any generally applicable panaceas for the bulk of social or matrimonial tummy-aches, she feels that the photoplay should be not only primarily entertaining, but should embody a subtle and underlying higher purpose—should interpret the life about us and give it some meaning, possibly a small measure of direction.

Like every actress, she has her ideal as to roles; some day she would like to portray *Evangeline* or *Juliet* or Melicent in James Branch Cabell's *The Soul of Melicent*.

Of the roles she has enacted, her favorite is that of Judith Beresford in Thomas H. Ince's First National production, *Hail the Woman*.

Many successful screen players believe that an almost constant concentration upon their work, off stage and on, is a contributory factor to success. Florence does not agree with this theory and draws a sharp line of demarcation between her professional life and her home life. Her dislike for "shop talk" and her sincere desire to forget the world of Cooper-Hewitts when she is away from the studios are merely



"I thought she was the most delightful girl I had ever met"

efforts to avoid becoming one-sided. Acting in motion pictures is a very pleasing vocation, my wife avers, but her life contains too many other tremendous interests to permit her to confine herself to a single one. She does not feel that her baby, her home, her friends, her love for the arts and the out-of-doors should be neglected or sacrificed for her profession.

Rather than neglect Suzanne, the three-year-old head of the Vidor household, for a single instant in which a mother's care was essential, Florence would, and has on one or two occasions in the past, immediately abandoned her professional activities. I remember one instance when she was playing a leading role in a big production. Suzanne suffered a bad fall in which she was considerably bruised and cut. Her mother, hearing of the accident while working at the studio, immediately rushed home to her baby, in spite of the fact that she was in the midst of a number of important scenes, and refused to return to work until she felt that Suzanne could do without the tender care that only a mother can bestow.

One of her most valuable personal assets, however, is the gift of one-pointedness when the occasion demands. While she is playing a role she refuses to be distracted by a consideration of other roles. She does not like to be disturbed while working on a set, as any interruption may intrude a jarring note into the psychology of the character being portrayed, according to her viewpoint. Under ordinary circumstances her concentration becomes almost complete. On the occasion of Suzanne's accident, however, all else was considered as secondary to her baby's distress.

She loves the outdoors. She is an accomplished horse-woman, having spent much of her youth in a Texas saddle; an atrocious golfer, a very fair tennis player, and a pronounced yachting enthusiast. I believe her greatest enjoyment of the outdoors comes not so much from riding furiously over mountains, or sailing in the teeth of a strong breeze, as from a calm contemplation of natural beauties. She does not find it necessary to do things to the outdoors; she is content to remain subjective and permit the outdoors to work its wonders on her.

Florence is extremely sensitive and cannot bear to see others suffer. Contact with any one who is undergoing unusual mental anguish will effect her mood considerably. This sensitiveness is touched by literature and painting as well as by human beings. A beautiful poem or a profound novel will cause her to feel intensely the life-forces they interpret.

She is never in a hurry, absolutely refusing to be rushed through life. Sometimes I think this is her greatest fault; other times I am convinced it is her greatest virtue. No matter how urgent the matter, she will think it over coolly and placidly without evincing the slightest trace of excitement. Several months ago it was necessary for her to abandon a long-cherished vacation because some retakes were required in a production in which she was featured. She had invited a number of friends to accompany us for a week at our cabin in the mountains and had made extensive plans for their

entertainment. When the call of her profession sounded she accepted the situation gracefully, then sat down and addressed some philosophical regrets to our invited guests.

If the adage regarding birds of a feather is true, Florence may well be judged by her girl friends. For the most part they are smart, clever young women, conversant and interested in the facts and foibles of the day, gay rather than sedate, filled with the joy of living and determined to overlook nothing that might tend to their mental and spiritual development.

She has no time for bores, practical jokers, pedants, professional reformers, professional prominent citizens or petty politicians. She abhors the so-called "night life." While she loves the theatre and is always amiable at a social affair of any sort, she is never happier or more gracious than when entertaining her own friends in her own home.

Her favorite actress is Elsie Ferguson; her favorite modern author James Branch Cabell. Edmond Rostrand is her preference among the playwrights. She likes the music of Brahms, Wagner, Debussy and Victor Herbert, and a great deal of other music as well, including that of Irving Berlin and Al Jolson. She plays the piano inexpertly but very frequently. *Aida* is her favorite opera. She religiously avoids slapstick comedy on the screen but rather likes it on the stage, particularly when it is being done by Harry Tate or Joe Jackson. She prefers Cezanne to most painters, but thinks much of the forceful work of Frederic Remington.

She dresses quietly, but smartly, and effects simple coiffures.

She—but this was supposed to be a brief sketch of Florence Vidor, not a ponderous biography of her life. Personally, I think that she is—but that probably wouldn't interest you, either, and might influence any conclusion you might care to draw from what has already been said.

She will probably take issue with me on many things I have said here—I haven't shown her this article—for when all is said and done she is a woman and women are more apt than not to take issue with anything that is written about them.

I know a great many people admire her work and predict great things for her future. Others, I am told, can see in her but little to rave about, although I feel sure they are in the minority. Personally, after having been her husband for the best part of eight years, I think she is the most—of course, I would. And so does Suzanne. If everyone else thought as—that's right—the most popular screen star in the world.

Now that you've come to the end of what I have to say about my wife, I know what you're going to say. You're going to say that the Vidor's story is too good to be true. But you'll be wrong. Our story is a true one. If I was a small clerk somewhere, struggling to earn enough to pay the rent, Florence would still be the same sympathetic, helpful wife, and our life wouldn't be (*Continued on page 54*)



Baby Suzanne is her first care in life

St. Peter's, the
greatest church in
Rome



It rises in modern
glory above the
ancient city

Thumbs Down on the Roman Movies

By Janet Flanner

TWO thousand years ago the city of Rome knew a good show when it saw one. When Emperor Titus, in 80 A. D., threw open the famous Coliseum for its first 100 days' run, 5,000 wild lions, bears and tigers alone were killed to make a good performance, and no one counted how many slave boys disappeared owing to bad management in the department that furnished the lions with luncheon.

Nowadays the high critical taste of the once imperial city of Rome is dimmed. If Titus gave his shows tomorrow, probably the people would be satisfied if two old lions did a skirt dance and roared three times on their hind legs for sugar from the trainer's hand. Judging from the dull cinemas it sits quiet under, this town has forgotten entirely that it ever had gallery gods who turned their thumbs down in disgust and later demanded their money back at the gate in connection with any show where less than six Christian martyrs were fed to the lions at every week-day matinee. Rome has forgotten that it has thumbs. It has lost its power of contempt.

It will go in large crowds to see anything in the way of movies—and have a good time.

The thing to do if you want to go to a cinema in Rome on Sunday afternoon is to get up early in the morning and dress carefully in some stout boots and strong clothes whose futures you care nothing about. Dress as though you were going to spend a day in the wild woods, nutting. Spend the time up

until three o'clock going over your buttons and hooks, making sure that no fastening is liable to give way under the strain it will soon meet, leaving you in an embarrassing position and with but little fluent Italian to explain it.

Select your theatre—say, *Il Teatro Corso*, on the famous *Corso Umberto*, one of the busiest thoroughfares in modern Rome. Then call a cab.

At the end of a half hour's gallop, you pull up before the cinema house. The sidewalk is packed with people. The mob is half filling the street. Bystanders hang on the fringe of the crowd. You look for the hook and ladder and think you can smell smoke.

But the sight you see is normal. It merely represents about 200 jolly Romans trying to get into a Sunday cinema house already jammed to capacity, and discussing politics and domestic relations while they wait.

Entering the lobby with great difficulty, you buy a seat in the *poltrone* section for five and a half lira or about 25 cents. You leave the window, fighting your way through the jam, counting your way change in paper money, of which you have a full deck, and appealing in three languages to various theatre officials standing about for information as to whether there are seats inside the house. They scream across the crowd to you in one language that there are plenty of seats within, which there are, but neglect to tell you that some one is sitting in every one of them. By this time,

"When in Rome, you expect to do as the Romans— up to a certain degree," Miss Flanner writes, "but it seems as though you were doing too much when you have to go to their cinemas. You would rather do as the New Yorkers do, as well as the people in Terre Haute or Kankakee: go to see a good show while you are about it." Back again in Europe, Janet Flanner is trailing the movies to their lairs. Her story of Roman movies is a delight. Read it and then sit down to await with interest her next article, which will tell of her experiences in the film theatres of Vienna

the end of the reel has been reached inside the theatre. This is a dramatic moment. Movies in Rome are given reel by reel. Between reels, the real show takes place. The people who have seen the show try to get out of the theatre and those who want to see it try to get in. No system is employed to make this transfer, outside of any scheme made up of punches and shoves which the theatre's clients may think up on the spur of the moment. The door-jambs groan. Red-capped officials are tossed to one side as the crowd seethes in and out at the same time. The entry-ways are bedlam.

Within the theatre it looks as though a large game of *Going-to-Jerusalem* were being played among the orchestra seats. You may recall that game, always played at birthday parties in the neighborhood. If there were fourteen children, there were thirteen chairs. You marched until the music suddenly stopped without warning and, naturally, some one guest at the party found himself for the moment without a chair. In the theatre this game is being played feverishly. The band toots a waltz and every one scurries for a seat and tries to find five more alongside for their five friends who are with them. Every one hunts for seats while there is still time and a tune.

The two women ushers for the main floor at the *Corso* are at the back of the theatre, sitting in two of the best seats in the last row. They are discussing the first reel of the week's show which they are seeing for the first time. The lights grow dim. The waltz dies down. For a moment there is pandemonium; then comparative quiet.

Only about a hundred people remain out of luck. They stand in the aisles and line the walls, waiting for the next entr'act, when they will make another and more spirited rush. You are in great luck. You have found a cold radiator to lean on. The house is dark and the second reel is thrown on. The two women ushers beside you sink into attentive silence and rivet their eyes on the white sheet. They are still in possession of two of the best seats in the house, and besides have attractive warm uniforms.

Your elbow in the crotch of a radiator, you watch the show.



ABOVE: Rome as it looked 2,000 years ago, when the Romans knew a good show when they saw one. RIGHT: Rome, today, with movie posters covering the ruins of its ancient glory



Something seems to be the matter with the Italian movies. Perhaps it is the stars and the plots and the photography and the titles and the supporting company. Something is wrong, and it may be these.

It's pretty hard to make a good movie out of a rotten story, featuring a female star, perhaps none too pretty, who rolls her eyes until your own sockets ache, or who, if she is not female, is a male who has all the personal attractions of a dentist. It's pretty hard to make a good movie if the cameraman belongs to the tintype school and all the minor roles in the piece are enacted by players who must have "had something on" the casting director.

Il Viaggio (The Voyage), starring Maria Jacobini, was the offering at the *Corso*, our first Roman movie, and Jacobini, in comparison with the rest we saw, is almost the best of the lot. She doesn't roll her eyes, but she seems to suffer a great deal in silence, judging by her expressions. She is handsome in a Corsican fashion and not unin-

telligent. But she always has had luck in her movies. This time, in *Il Viaggio*, she had heart trouble, a past, two children and no hope for any future joy except that possibly contained in marrying the leading man, which looked to us, where we stood by the radiator, negligible.

Besides, the air in the theatre, owing to the Roman habit of polishing off the Sunday meal with garlic, was bad. We left after three reels, without knowing whether Jacobini died and went to heaven or stayed on earth and married legally though with a damaged heart. One of her sons by her first fall was a fat little girl dressed in unusually tight velvet trousers.

At the *Teatro delle Quattro Fontane* (The Theatre of the Four Fountains) the movie fan has better luck. Here the management of the house provides, besides bell-boys in red uniforms, waiting rooms where those who have bought their tickets are herded among palms where they can't ask silly questions, to wait for the entr'act and possible seats inside the house. From the point of view of the movie fan, sitting is better than standing while waiting, especially if you get to stand while seeing the show—which you usually do. One Signora Anna Fougez was being starred at the *Quattro Fontane* in *Il Fallo de la Institutrice...* "Institutrice" means governess and our Italian dictionary says that "fallo" means a leak in a ship, which didn't give the name of the play much sense, but there you are. Foreigners are odd.

Signora Fougez' show was full of misleading captions and titles, the most misleading of

which was that of duke, given to a fat old chap who looked like a master plumber. It was in his garden that most of the plot unrolled. Signora F. was governess in his family and she spent most of her time in the garden, talking to the men of the house—the duke or his son or his young brother. With all of these gentlemen the governess fell in love and by all of them she was in due time compromised.

As a matter of fact, these men may not have been brothers and sons (or even dukes). They may have been all the same man as they looked very much alike and the titles in the play didn't go deeply enough into family relationships to make anything clear. However, (Continued on page 56)

Fairbanks Films "Robin Hood"

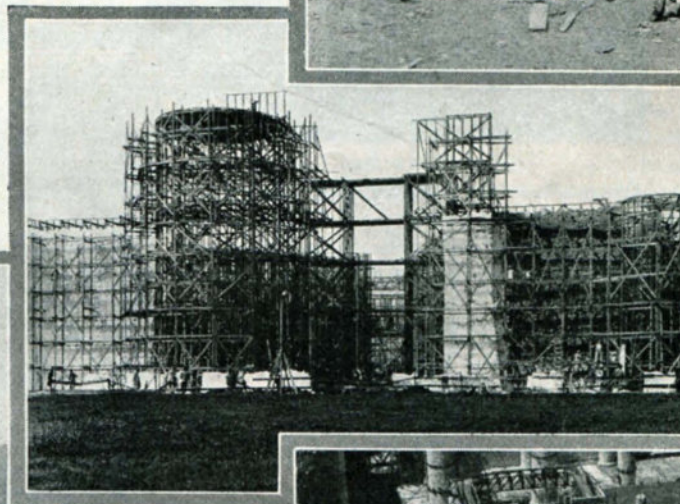
DOUGLAS PUTS A FORTUNE INTO HIS PRODUCTION OF THE FASCINATING STORY OF TWELFTH CENTURY ENGLAND



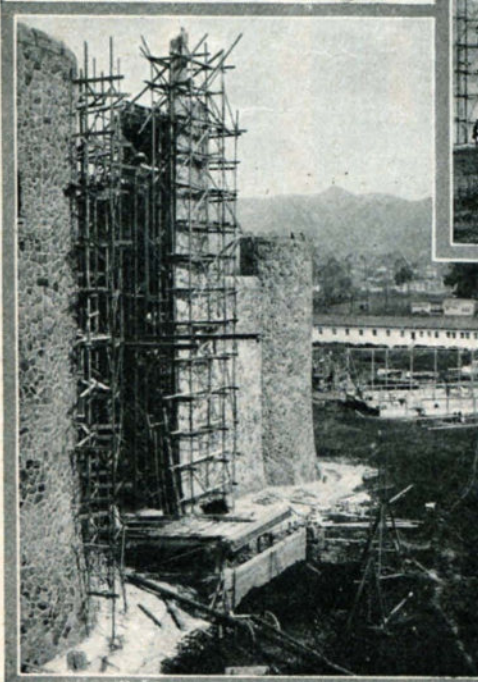
Fairbanks as Robin Hood appears for the first time in his career as the proud possessor of a beard



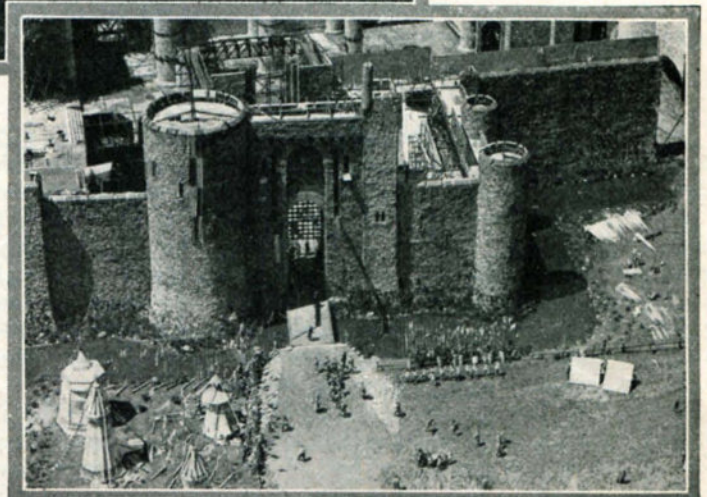
LEFT: The exterior of the Norman castle which Doug is building is 620 feet long and the structure, which is 310 feet high, covers two and one-half acres. Before the castle is a great tournament field. BELOW: A few of the 398 workmen who are building the mammoth sets



The lumber used in building the castle, if laid out in board feet, would cover twenty acres of ground. If placed end to end it would span a distance of 410 miles



There are eight towers in the castle, each of which, if they were water towers, would hold 276,000 gallons. The banquet hall in the castle is larger than the Concourse in the Pennsylvania station in New York



Facts About "Robin Hood"

ASTONISHING FIGURES CONCERNING THE BIGGEST PICTURE TO
BE FILMED IN AMERICA

By Margaret Kelly

IN ALL of the literature of America there is no boy as well known as Tom Sawyer, and in all the world of American films there is no grown-up boy better known than Douglas Fairbanks. In many ways they are alike, particularly in their love of romance and in their imagination.

Tom Sawyer's greatest joy was to play at being Robin Hood. In the woods back of the little Missouri town where he lived, he and Huckleberry Finn and the rest of the "gang" spent many an afternoon with bows and arrows indulging in elaborate deeds of chivalry.

Now Doug, with the same spirit which inspired Tom, is playing at being Robin Hood, but instead of using his imagination and the shadows of the forest as his background, he is indulging his fancy and all the earnings of *The Three Musketeers* and other successful pictures, in building a real Norman stronghold and in reproducing a very real Sherwood Forest. Great castles are rising at his command, knights and ladies are peopling them, and chivalrous deeds galore are being enacted in the manner of the twelfth century under the glowing California sun of today.

You see, Doug is making a picture version of the story of Robert, Earl of Huntington, who became the outlaw, Robin Hood, and robbed the rich to feed the poor. At his new studio in Hollywood greater activity than has ever surrounded one of his productions is going on and sets, equal to if not greater in size than the stupendous backgrounds of recently shown European productions, are springing up on every hand.

Chief interest in the great sets centers in the towering Norman castle, surrounded by the inevitable moat, a perfect replica of the hub of kingly activity of eight hundred years ago. The most interesting single feature of this castle is the tremendous drawbridge which, when raised, makes the big structure inaccessible, thanks to the depth and width of the

moat. It is raised and lowered with precision and serves to support many mounted and unmounted soldiers in numerous dashing charges in and out of the building.

Realism abounds everywhere inside and outside this castle. For example, the moat is filled with beautiful water lilies and live bullfrogs. Within the castle is a banquet hall which covers more space than the great concourse in the Pennsylvania station in New York City. The floor of this hall is composed of large concrete vari-colored blocks said to be exact duplicates of the material and style in vogue in the days of the famous Robin. All the gold ware used in the banquet scenes was faithfully copied from specimens now in the museums of England and the continent.

In the twelfth century the knights and warriors, unafraid of death, considered it the highest honor to die beside their color standard, so great care has been given to the proper reproduction of the flagstaffs of the period. In the Fairbanks production one of the flagstaffs used was fashioned after an historical one used by Richard Coeur de Lion. It is twenty-five feet high, weighs 300 pounds, and is mounted on a wheel base four feet wide by eight feet long so that it can be moved forward with the troops.

There are so many spears used by the players in the new production of *Robin Hood* that Doug has already christened his studio *Spearmint Studio*. All of these weapons—there are 2,000 spears, the same number of swords and about 500 daggers—are exact copies of the instruments of warfare used eight hundred years ago.

Indeed, the entire production is so accurate in detail that it promises to be an invaluable addition to the commentaries on the period. Fairbanks is spending every effort to make the picture a true picture of the days "When Knights Were Bold."

Read These Facts:

It took twenty-two experts five months to do the research work and to design the sets.

146 books were used by these experts in ascertaining the historical facts.

It took 400 workmen twelve weeks to build the sets.

The lumber used, if laid out in board feet, would cover twenty acres; if placed end to end, it would span a distance of 410 miles.

A carload, or thirty tons, of nails were used.

252 tons of plaster were needed to construct the castle walls.

1,500 sacks of cement were used in making the sets.

178,000 square feet of wall-board, plaster-board and button-lath went into the castle walls.

25,400 pounds of fiber were used to hold the plaster together.

20,000 yards of material were used in making 2,500 costumes.

1,000 wigs, made of human hair, were used by the players.

1,000 pairs of shoes were specially made for the production, only one pair of shoes being made from the hide of a sheep.

Three tanneries used up their entire stocks in making these shoes.

What the Movies Have Done to Music

A NEW VIEW OF THE RELATIONSHIP
BETWEEN MUSIC AND THE SCREEN

By Mary Ellis Opdycke

WE ALL know what music does to the movies. We have felt the great emptiness that ensues when Miss Smith's memory fails her at the Main Street Moving Picture Palace piano, and our hearts have sunk to realize that without music even our favorite stars are only two-dimensional shadow dolls with white blood like fishes. Then again, when some prolonged climax has been whipping us up to frenzy, when Lillian is cavorting on her ice cakes, or Doug is beating somebody to it through several reels, we try to tell our neighbor of our own particular brand of thrill, and suddenly note that the music has also been growing up with the excitement to a *fortissimo* fever and conversation is prohibited.

But what do movies do to music? That is a question which we hear less about. Messrs. Griffith and Zukor may arise and demand appropriate musical backgrounds for their films, but Messrs. Beethoven and Tchaikowsky must remain unheard. Even if their favorite pieces be dissected and torn to tortured fragments to provide love interest for a close-up, they remain to suffer silently in their shrouds. Vivisectionists may invade Valhalla, but no musician appears to cry: Murder. It is a muted as well as a mooted question.

Those film producers who hold their business as a sacred, if lucrative, mission, insist that the movies extend music to fields where it would otherwise be unheard. They proudly quote the overtures given between films at metropolitan theatres and the suites which are visually demonstrated by a backdrop that deepens into purple during the storm section and blushes rosy at the final cadence. But this is not strictly movie music. It is possible only in the theatres which own an orchestra, and is frankly a musical intermission. It is a very desirable feature from the musical point of view, and if members of the audience choose to change seats or go out to smoke cigarettes at that particular point, it is not the fault of the conductor or of the music itself. But music between films is merely an accessory, and not always a welcome one.

Movie music is quite another matter. Here we have fragmentary selections welded loosely together for a purpose outside of the music itself. The music is frankly subordinate. And yet the musical producer assures one that his snatches are also contributing a definite help to musical education in the public. "The averaged unenlightened listener," he says, "will not listen to music, since he has nothing to relate it to. Especially in the better music he lacks the associations and imagination to make mental pictures to fit the music. When he is given a simultaneous picture on the screen, he carries the musical theme away with him from the theatre with a definite illustration in his mind. The music means something to him, and that something is a picture."

Admitting for the moment that the average movie fan will carry away any memory of the music that has been subconsciously lining his visual perceptions, one may question the desirability of a definite picture accompanying a piece of music. In cases where the composer permitted a definite title to his piece and where that title is carried out in the picture, an authentic impression might result. Grieg's *Morning Voices* might be brought home to the unmusical person by a sunrise, and the novice might be taught that Debussy's

Iberia meant Spain, if there were plenty of mantillas and bulls on the screen.

But where there is a definite title, there exists also a definite idea, at least as definite as the impression which the composer sought to convey. Even without a photographic background, the listener may be guided toward the fields where the composer has wished him to disport himself.

Then again it is improbable that the picture has been made with the idea of following the music step by step. Although movies and music have in common that continuous motion which is shared by none of the other arts, they do not flow in the same ways. The three eternal principles of music are repetition, development and contrast. Movies admit no repetition, except short retrospective sections, and their development is a development of character and action rather than of theme. Nor is it conceivable that they should be manipulated, even were it possible, with the primary idea of enhancing the effect of the music.

Turning to the so-called absolute music in which there are no tags, no directions for the imagination outside of the line of the melody or the harmonic progress, one meets a deeper problem. The movies exploit this music for a thousand different ends. A stormy passage may be chosen to accompany a storm at sea, a rise of Ku Klux Klansmen, a triangular bedroom melee, or a foreign invasion. The slow movement of the *Fifth Tchaikowsky Symphony* has exemplified religious piety and domestic affection. The *Allegretto* of Beethoven's *Seventh* has buried babies and hopes, Civil War veterans and autumn leaves. In other words, the movies stuff so many notions of the meaning of a given piece of music into the brains of an audience that if any of them stick they are as likely as not to be the farthest from the composer's original inspiration. Is no idea better than a wrong idea, especially when there is no particularly right idea? Thus asks the musical movie producer, while no composer of absolute music—and there are few of them left today—arises to give a proud "Yes."

Far more heinous than this rather ambiguous harm of tagging music is the sin of cutting up and mutilating musical masterpieces to make a movie holiday. One can quote Shakespeare, and the quotations lose no truth in the telling, but one can't quote Beethoven without hurting him. That there is a subtle difference should be clear to any moving picture expert. How much thrill can one work up in the eight seconds of next week's film that is flashed on without music as an advertisement? Even the death-grip climaxes have a sort of comic impropriety. An idea, pure and simple, may be torn from its environment and lose no power, but one can't transplant an emotional process without caring for its roots and soil. Some music gains its essential mood by contrast with what has preceded it. A sudden change of key may work wonders with a feeling. To this end composers study the delicate psychology of transposing toward the flat or sharp keys. They note that too much contrast undermines all feeling of contrast; that too much minor mode weakens the minor effect.

In steps the musical manager of a screen theatre. "How do you arrange to transpose from one key into another without losing time during the picture?" he is asked.

"Oh well, the pieces always seem to fit together somehow" is the answer.

No matter how adroitly the operation is performed, something is lost in the process. Music demands stretches of gradual incline to heighten the climaxes. The listener who hears only the first exposition of the theme, and no development, hits so many high spots that he seems on a level plain. His first valid symphonic experience in Carnegie Hall would seem like the school-child's *Hamlet*—so full of quotations that he would have no attention for what came between them.

Apart from the irrelevancy of musical quotation, and apart from the undue emphasis on thematic climax, there is another sin committed by the movies in the name of musical enlightenment. In the production of historical pictures there is often an elaborate pretense of musical research. The audience is led to think that the music is strictly contemporary. A recent film dealing with the life of Henry VIII was accompanied, for example, with a Bach suite. Now Bach was born over a hundred years after Henry's death, but that didn't matter to the producer. The effect was "quaint," even "classical," and the audience was led to think it accurate, so many carefully worked details having been advertised by the manager.

No musician could regret hearing a Bach suite well performed at a motion picture theatre, but many a musician would sigh to think that several thousand people had been deluded into a false association, that their future hearings of that particular piece, and probably of other Bach music in the same spirit would summon up the picture of a lascivious court quite unknown to the God-fearing composer of Leipsic.

But these are minor offenses, and will in time be doubtless cured if the same scholarship that is already applied to scenery and costume be turned to music. The cardinal sin remains, and sometimes it looks as if the present-day composer were about to canonize it.

Music is a spinster. Her nature is emotional and intellectual, more the former under Tschaiakowsky, more the latter

under Bach, but always a mixture of the two. If you marry her off, one side of her nature suffers. Marry her to a poem, and the poem overshadows her entirely, or else her form is weakened. The perfect song is a perfect union, but it is not perfect music.

Marry her to a libretto, and if it is a true love match, as with Wagner, she is lost in serving her verbal master, or else she rides supreme over his lines and forthwith appears in a divorced version on the concert stage.

Marry her to the dance. Notice how unobtrusively she follows her more blatant companion. See how her essential characteristics are twisted and reread and interpreted and then shadowed by the bright light that shines beyond her upon the stage.

Marry her to the movies. Drag her, faltering, to that altar which has only front and sides. Pick her to little pieces and file them away under "love interest," "same . . . passionate," "nature music, soft," "nature music, stormy." Label all her throbbing nerves. Then remove her brain, curve away her form, her development, her sequence, her vital tissue. Say that accompaniment is music's highest function; that there is no place for her like the film. Set up a double standard where the screen has the benefit of the doubt. And what music is left?

Some day we may have music that is especially written for the films. It will probably be very sensational, with emphasis on the orchestral battery. The slender virgin that has served Beethoven and Brahms will be painted and peroxidized and will carry a xylophone and three wind machines. She may be happy as she plays these instruments. She will be a Famous Player, anyhow. But until she appears her sisters must suffer, her spinster sisters begotten by Weber or Dvorak, Mozart or Moussorgsky. They must serve with rent limbs and broken brows, fractured themes and amputated climaxes, any lurking sign of intelligence sacrificed to the thrills of a movie audience. This is the slaughter that the movies have done to music.

Filmplay's Movie Alphabet

A—stands for Arliss, satanic and sly,
 B—for John Bowers, who makes maidens sigh.
 C—for Calhoun, the Vitagraph Hebe,
 D—is for Daniels, the opulent Bebe.
 E—stands for Eddy, Miss Helen Jerome,
 F—for Doug Fairbanks, the god of each home.
 G—for the Gishes, whom Evil doth harry,
 H—for Bill Hart, who never would marry!
 I—suggests Ingram, the versatile Rex,
 J—Alice Joyce, who more fair of her sex?
 K—is for Kirkwood, desired of all lasses,
 L—Harold Lloyd and tortoise-rimmed glasses.
 M—for Moreno, born near Quixote,

N—for Nazimova, quaint and emotey.
 O—for O'Brien, immaculate Gene,
 P—Mary Pickford, the still-reigning queen.
 Q—for Jo Quirk, who writes us no more,
 R—Mr. Roberts, the grave Theodore.
 S—Pauline Starke, vivacious and bonny,
 T—for the Talmadges, Norma and Connie.
 U—for Eve Unsell, who makes up scenarios,
 V—Valentino, the best of Lotharios.
 W—Ware, dark Helen, the busy,
 X—is for Xavier Bushman, where is he?
 Y—Clara Young, who has friends, yes, a host of 'em,
 Z—is for Zukor, employer of most of 'em.

Pioneering in the Field of Animated Cartoons

You have laughed and wondered how the cartoonist does it—you will enjoy this interview with Earl Hurd, always in the lead in this field, given to Charles B. Petrie, Jr. Hr. Hurd has discovered a new one—you will soon see it on the screen

YOU who are addicted to mandarin jackets, evil-smelling pipes and comfort-crammed easy chairs: have you ever tried to arrest these smoke-borne visions from their haven of curling blue haze?

If so, then you know without our telling you that it is no "pipe;" that your chances for success, ten times out of nine, will equal those of the jovial jackass who first attempted to nail a mold of shimmying gelatin to the wall.

But it is possible—sometimes—this metamorphosis of haunting hallucinations into actualities. It has been done, you know; but only by that type of man who does not count the weary brain throbs and beading perspiration drops so long as his dream still looms on the horizon of possibilities.

Which, incidentally, is the wherefore of this yarn.

For years now the smoke that had eddied up from the bowls of ambitious animated cartoonists' pipes had reflected but one vision—that of a feature picture through which their cartoon characters would cavort synchronously with actual living beings.

But that's as far as the majority thus far have got. It is so much easier to aspire toward a desideratum than to persevere about it; and cartoonists are, proverbially, a lazy, shiftless lot.

There was one in the ranks of these dreamers, though, who was not content merely to dream. As a result he spent two years and \$18,000 of his backer's money in a frenzied effort to transfer these pictures from his smoke screen to the silver sheet.

Alas! And alack! woe is he. For now another, heeding his failure, has discovered the open Sesame to this aforesaid limitless land, has perfected a process by which he can produce the pictures so much dreamed about—and within the comparatively short period of six months.

Now, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Fan, this another of whom we speak is none other than an old friend of yours—Earl Hurd; brain-father of Bobbie Bumps and erstwhile supervisor of cartoons for Famous Players.

His fame today, however, is as the Griffith of all animated cartoonists, the Columbus of a new capering comic continent; and it is in his new capacity as an independent producer that we now present him.

Little more than six months ago when the F. P.'s coterie of cartoonists was abandoned as non-profit-producing, Mr. Hurd retired to the fastness of his Bobbie-Bumps-built home in Kew Gardens, L. I., with the expressed determination to ferret out the secret of synchronizing the action of living and cartoon characters in one celluloid reel. Many of his friends, who had heard of the failure of other attempts along this line, tried to dissuade him—but to no avail. He persisted that he saw no reason why such a picture could not be produced and that so long as a mere possibility continued he was going to stay right under his own little roof in Kew; furthermore, that it wouldn't take him a century either, that he'd be back P. D. Kew and with the reel, Kew E. D. All of which was greeted by hearty guffaws from the skeptics, not because of the inexorable punning (which he made as obvious as it appears on the printed page) but because of his seeming quixoticism.

There ensued six months of hermit-like seclusion and beaver-like work for Mr. Hurd with the result that the much-sought secret now is his, and the first picture, *One Of Cat*, is already being bid for clamorously by the leading showmen of Broadway.

Incidentally, these bids are echoing in every state of the union; for the pictures now being produced by Mr. Hurd are to be run not as news-reel supplements but as independent attractions. There will be one every two months and each will be from 800 to 1,000 feet—the accepted length for the average one-reel comedy.

We should like to detail for you some of the intriguing situations and humorous bits of by-play with which *One Of Cat*—a fifth-rib tickler for fair—is replete. But rather than thus dull the keenness of your enjoyment when it is eventually thrown on your own home



No, this is not a magician shaking these well known people of the movie cartoon from the tip of his pencil—it's Earl Hurd, creator of Bobbie Bumps

screen, we prefer to whet your imagination merely by reminding you of the existence of Bobbie Bumps' dog and letting you in on the fact that Mr. Hurd is the proud owner of the premier cat actor of America and that these twain—the canine and feline—now can and do live and breathe and have their being within the confining limits of one small celluloid exposure.

About now, perhaps, if we rightly trail your train of thought, you are saying to yourself:

"But that's nothing new. I've seen cartoon characters in the same reel with human beings already in those Max Fleischer pictures."

Yes, sir or ma'am, undoubtedly you have seen cartoon characters cavort around and up and down photographic backgrounds with occasional flashes of their animator waggling an admonitory finger in their supposed direction; or ridding himself of some old saw to the exaggerated delight of his dutiful puppet; but—think just one minute—have you ever seen a cartoon character and a human being move in the same picture, the same exposure, we mean?

No, sir or ma'am, nor had anybody else until Mr. Hurd produced his *One Ol' Cat*. And, believe us, there is a vast difference between the two!

It is not this one feature that counts for so much; rather is it the discovery of the method by which it was made. Furnishing as it does the means for injecting the zest of real cartoon action into the normal piquancy of human life, it is the greatest stride forward thus far recorded in the history of animated cartooning.

In contemplating this story originally, we had planned to sketch briefly the development of cinema cartoon work from its inception on down to the present day; but it occurs to us that Mr. Hurd, in living his life, has written not only his own history, but that of animated cartooning as well.

The first year of Mr. Hurd's professional life was spent on the *Chicago Journal*; the next five in serious cartoon work on the *Kansas City Post*; and the final three as a "strip" cartoonist for the *New York Herald* and *Telegram*. We will thus lightly pass over this period of his life as being of no particular interest to film fans save in so far as it furnishes the background out of which, in 1914, emerged the man who was destined to become the brains of the movie cartoon world.

It was toward the close of Mr. Hurd's third year in New York that Windsor McKay exhibited a novelty moving picture cartoon in the local show houses, laboriously evolved from as many drawings as there were exposures in the excessively short reel. Though he realized the futility and utter impracticability of such a method of production, the picture so stimulated his innovating mind that he immediately deserted his "daily" job to rush to California with the predetermined purpose of making a movie star of his favorite strip character, Bobbie Bumps.

Coincident with his departure for the Golden West, J. R. Bray, another newspaper cartoonist, began experimenting with this same notion in the East. The result ran true to the old saying about "great minds." Though a whole continent separated their studios, they both, simultaneously, struck upon the same idea: that of using celluloid for the fixed, or background, portions of their cartoons and a strip of thin tracing paper for the animation of their characters. This

process materially reduced the amount of hand-drawing to be done and made feasible the marketable production of such pictures. Further than this we will not delve into the technical end of the business, for that is another story in itself. Suffice it to say that the patents which Mr. Hurd and Mr. Bray took out at that time are the basic ones on which all movie cartoon work has been done since.

For two years after the production of his first picture, Mr. Hurd labored prodigiously in his Los Angeles studio, at the close of which an enormously enticing financial offer lured him under the prosperous Paramount banner. Soon thereafter an equally irresistible bit of bait drew Mr. Bray into the same organization, and so for a time these two pioneers were united in their efforts to produce more and better cartoon pictures. Like well-oiled cogs in a flawless machine, these enthusiasts worked together for several years and then, as was to be expected, came the inevitable separation. Mr. Hurd was wanted by Famous Players to take charge of their cartoon department in the East, and wanted so badly that, movie-like, the number of figures they were willing to write after the never-to-be-sneezed-at dollar sign was practically unlimited. Result? Well, figure it out for yourself.

Meanwhile every Tom, Dick and Harry in the business had attempted a flyer in the animated cartoon field so that the market virtually was flooded. The natural corollary followed: the weeding out and survival of the wittiest.

It was about this time that Mr. Hurd began experimenting with the idea of combining cartoon figures with photographic backgrounds. Several of these pictures were produced to the evident enjoyment of movie fans throughout the country. Immediately this idea was seized and

enlarged upon by Max Fleischer, who formerly had worked with Mr. Hurd, and cashed in on with a surprising degree of success in the "Out of the Inkwell" series. If you will remember, the first few of these latter pictures bore the acknowledgment: "Produced under the Hurd-Bray-Fleischer Patents."

When Famous Players, after due deliberation, decided to do away with their cartoon department, Mr. Hurd realized it was up to him then and there to seek out that intangible "something different" for which exhibitors from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., were clamoring. And he did it after six months of persistent plugging—to-wit: *One Ol' Cat* and the others that are to follow.

But we were convinced that there can be no cup of unctuous joy without the bobbing of its proverb-allotted fly, when, by appointment, we trickled in on the herein-discussed gentleman, not so long since. One would naturally suppose that, having succeeded where others had failed so flatly, Mr. Hurd's cup of joy would be brimmed to the point of overflowing; that the smile on his face would be as fixed and ineffaceable as that on any window-display mannequin. But not so. Distinctly not so. Rather, when we saw him, his brow was beetled and his heart heavy within him. He bore all the outward signs of a man whose inner soul is wrapped in a cold and clammy blanket of glutinous gloom. And, indeed, it was. The inevitable fly had bobbed up disconcertingly but a few minutes before our arrival and the pur-suant period of despondency was not yet over.

"You see—you see," he wailed (*Continued on page 53*)



Junior, Mr. Hurd's son, plays a game of baseball with Bobby Bumps, most famous of his father's cartoon characters

The Serious Side of the Women of the Screen

LILLIAN GISH · THE FOURTH ARTICLE OF THE SERIES

By Gladys Hall

LILLIAN GISH is the epitome of a firm mind in a fragile body. A further epitome of the wedlock of the practical with the poetical.

Probably of all of the women in the world she is the last one who might be suspected of feminism, modernism, or any of the radical rampancies of the day. And in the popularly accepted sense of things she isn't a feminist; she isn't a modernist; she is neither radical nor rampant. Yet paradoxically, in a deeper, more profound, and certainly in a more original sense, she is more these things than any one I have ever discussed them with. Certainly she is more a feminist. For with feminism and all the attendant *isms* she hasn't departed from the fundamentals. She hasn't forgotten, nor depreciated, the ancient axiom which says "Male and female created he them."

Brought up on the stage, trained to one-night stands and "character" women as temporary nurses or "mothers," with two years of schooling, and no more, and a no longer stay than two years in any one town at any one time, Miss Gish probably knows more history, biography, geography and anthropology than any six high school teachers taken and mixed together with a massive ladle of erudition. Not to mention her perspective on her fellow-creatures, and her instincts, which are delicate and correct.

She also is aware of and informed on international politics, and could discuss them, I do not doubt, were there available a *vis-a-vis*.

I asked her to tell me about her early days and what had gone to the making of the studious, conservative, intelligent young person she indubitably is today. The poignant, never-to-be-forgotten shadows which, or whom, she has made substance—that is her Art, and not to be accounted for. But the things she thinks, the beliefs she holds, the philosophy she has evolved, through experience or environment, or neither, or both—these are conscious things, and more or less narratable and concrete.

Her mother was left a widow, Miss Gish told me, when she and Dorothy were



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Lillian Gish

mere infants. There seemed nothing to which she could turn her hand and care for her children properly at the same time. Both Lillian and Dorothy were blonde, and lovely, and picturesque, and those were the days when golden-haired stage children were very much in demand. It was suggested to Mrs. Gish that her two little girls might solve their economic problem. They did.

Lillian's first public appearance was in a church. A Methodist church, at that. On that highly dogmatic occasion she arose and spoke her little piece, was immediately acclaimed, and thus methodistically the cornerstone of her career was laid.

Then began a life of one-night stands, of separations from her mother and Dorothy, who stayed together—Dorothy being the younger of the two—of being placed in the aforementioned care

of various character women of various stock companies. "What did those early days do to you?" I asked.

Stage children, Miss Gish says, are the most innocent in the world, for a very reasonable reason. Most of the evil things children learn, and most of the things that they do which they should not do, they learn from other children. A child traveling with a stock company never plays with other children; scarcely ever sees them. And it is difficult, indeed, to find a man or a woman who will not speak carefully and act decently in the presence of a child.

Miss Gish says that the consideration and care given her by the men and women in these companies of those early days is one of her finest memories.

Then, too, she was sensitive because of being on the stage. She felt the stigma inevitably attached to stage-folk. And in

that particular it is Miss Gish's belief that things have not changed. There remains the stigma. People still look askance at the stage and at the people of the stage. It is still necessary to arise in churches and in public places and defend the assailed realms of unreality. It is still urgent to write pamphlets and encourage propagandists to spread the tidings that all is not dross that dramas. It

There has been a persistent platitude among the General Public to the effect that the people of the Stage and Screen are pulchritudinous rather than profound; winsome rather than witty. Film fans and theatregoers en masse have associated the players of the silent and spoken drama with the superficial sparkle of life—or with the parts they have played. The Thinker back of Terpsichore has seldom been made manifest. But as a matter of fact there are a great many sincere, and earnest, and thoughtful persons on the Screen today; women who have labored with brain as well as body; who have thought and philosophized and developed, vitally and creatively—women who are "real." Lillian Gish is distinctively one of these—conservative, intelligent, industrious, "different"—a poem and a pioneer

is Lillian's belief that human nature does not change very much. The tide rises and falls, falls and rises, and all is much as it has been.

When she became too large to be *Little Eva* or a neurotic infant in *East Lynne*, Lillian went to school. For two years. "And how I did apply myself!" she sighed. "I didn't tell anyone I had been on the stage. I was ashamed to. And because of that necessary—or I felt it to be necessary—reticence, I felt rather reticent in all ways."

Shortly after that began her screen career, starting under Mr. Griffith in the old Biograph days and, to date, she is still with Mr. Griffith in *Orphans of the Storm*.

"I came to talk with you about feminism," I reminded her.

"I am not supposed to know anything about such matters," said Miss Gish, with severe amusement. "I am a juvenile!"

"There are juveniles and juveniles . . ."

"I am not even sure," pursued Miss Gish, thoughtfully, "that 'feminism' is not a coined word." She procured the ponderous family dictionary and looked it up. It was not there. It was then decided between us that feminism is a coined word.

That little act of research is significant of Lillian. She is different. Quite different from the Younger Generation of Today, with its oblivious disregard of "little things," with its tumultuous onrush—where?

"Women," said Miss Gish, with a little more pressure-brought-to-bear, "*have always ruled the world*. Only they haven't known it. There is a woman behind every war. There is a woman back of every throne. There is a woman behind every gigantically successful man and his subsequently successful enterprises.

"Take specific instances—Victor Hugo, for one. Almost everybody knows of the influence of women in his life and in his work. Nietzsche, who in every paragraph reiterated what a superfluous, vacillating, weak and altogether inferior

animal is Woman, was altogether helpless without his sister.

"Woman has motivated wars and inspired peace, has had her hand on the intricate levers of politics, long before her hand became visible.

"Woman's rule has been merely a differentiation of species—that is all. And that is as it should be. Men and women are different. Fundamentally different. Nothing can ever bridge that difference, and it is absurd to suppose that the sovereignty of woman can ever be precisely the same as that of man. But why should it be? A thing does not have to be of an identical manifestation to be of equal value and importance."

I brought forth the objection that it is a humiliating thing to invariably rule from behind something or other, be it man, war, throne or philosopher.

"But much more fascinating," smiled Miss Gish, thereby proving herself feminine as well as feminist, if we may make further coinage.

"Then," I assumed, "you don't believe in the 'new movement'?"

"I think it is ridiculous," said Miss Gish, "and what is perhaps more serious, I think it is going to react exactly as it is not expected to. Woman, instead of being, as she has been, the superior of man, will become man's equal. She will descend from an Olympian plane of superiority to the common ground of struggle—the sort of struggle for which she is least fitted, least equipped. Certainly, it is not clever maneuvering . . . for in struggle there is the possibility of defeat as well as the possibility of victory."

Miss Gish's slenderly fashioned hand held mine in good-bye. But I thought I felt in it the fragile force of all the fragile women of bygone days, sovereigns supreme, operating forces, worlds and wars, and moving men hither and thither by subtleties, sycophantic, it may be, but none the less authoritative.

A Reel Mother Goose

*Doug and Mary, extraordinary,
How does your fortune grow
With days and days of movie plays,
And contracts all in a row?*

❖ ❖ ❖

*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She left them in charge of the nursemaid, Nan,
And went to the movies with her old man.*

❖ ❖ ❖

*Hey diddle-diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog barked:
"That's ancient stuff—
The movies had that last June!"*

*Jack Spratt he likes 'em fat,
His wife prefers 'em lean;
Between them blamed if they have missed
A single movie queen!*

❖ ❖ ❖

*Jack and Jill went up the hill,
(You know what they were after),
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill 'most died from laughter.
Then Jack, the clown, knocked poor Jill down,
And that (so goes the rumor)
Is said to 've been the origin
Of modern movie humor.*

REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

Hard Knocks Make a Man

JOSEPH FRANCIS KEATON, SOMETIMES CALLED "BUSTER", IS LIVING PROOF OF THE ADAGE

By Spencer Russell

BUSTER KEATON, he of the frigid countenance, who bears the reputation of being one film comedian who has never been known to smile on the screen, may give the impression to the layman of one who is traveling through the highways and byways of life with a great sorrow in his heart.

It might be suspected that here is a young man who has been cheated out of all the joys of youth and boyhood. One wonders if as a small boy this sad-faced mirth-provoker of today ever smiled, or played or got into mischief like other boys. Then one is amazed to learn that he did.

The fact is that Buster really enjoyed the many hard knocks he received in his young life and had a corking good time taking them. You see, Buster, even as a little fellow, was paid for the hard knocks that were dealt out to him. He laughed and smiled a great deal then. Perhaps Buster still smiles once in a while, though certainly never within range of a motion picture camera.

As a boy, Buster romped, and played, and worked all over the length and breadth of this great land. While on the stage he found that his audiences liked him best when he looked his saddest. And for the same reason the face of gloom followed him into the film world with a heart that was really gay and carefree.

All of which explains why Buster refuses to laugh now when he faces a camera. He insists that no man is happier than he, and considering his happy marriage to charming little Natalie Talmadge, this claim may well be believed.

The future star of the Buster Keaton Comedies was born in the little town of Pickway, Kansas, October 4, 1895. He was the first child of Myra and Joseph Keaton, both members of well known stage families.

Young Keaton was named Joseph Francis and at the time of his arrival his parents were traveling with a medicine show called the Houdini-Keaton show, in which Harry Houdini, later one of the world's master magicians, was a leading performer. A few weeks following Buster's birth a cyclone came along and wiped the thriving young village of Pickway off the map. Fortunately, however, Buster and the

name was Buster. At the manly age of four years Buster drew his first salary check, which was in payment for his services as a human football. He had a natural ability for falling and tumbling without injuring his little body and his father, who was an expert tumbler also, coached the little fellow until he became a marvel for one so young. His father sewed a trunk handle inside his coat and Buster's job was to be picked up by this handle and be thrown across the stage, knocking down sets and cutting up in other little playful ways.

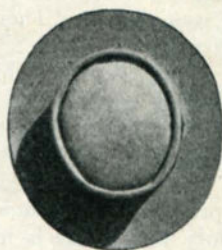
In all his twenty-odd years on the stage Buster has never suffered an injury. Many times, when a little fellow with his father, he was compelled to strip before officials to prove that his father was not practicing cruelty to his own child. Never was a bruise found. Two governors of New York state and one mayor of New York examined the lad because audiences stated he was roughly treated.

It was in October, 1917, in New York City, that Roscoe Arbuckle, the screen comedian, saw Keaton, who, with his father and mother, was rehearsing for their act in the Winter Garden show, and offered him an opportunity to enter the film game. Keaton quit the show immediately to enter the film game. And he made good right at the start. Since that time he has been in motion pictures, and today he is a star in his own right, producing the Buster Keaton Comedies. So far he has never hurt anything but the scenery, a fact which may be hard to understand, for he is only five feet four inches in height and weighs but 139 pounds.

Buster has completed more than a dozen two-reelers since he has been elevated to stardom, and each one has proved successful following its release. Some of his most recent First National attractions are *The Boat*, *The Paleface*, *Cops*, *My Wife's Relations*, and *The Blacksmith*.

In each of them he has found comedy in the most ordinary situations of everyday life.

"Hard knocks of one kind or another have made most great men," says Buster, philosophically. "The only kind of hard knocks I never could get used to were those handed out by audiences and dramatic critics."



other members of the Keaton family had moved away. Six weeks later Keaton became a member of his father's show.

Buster was called "Joseph," when it was necessary to refer to him, until he was six months old, when a wonderful discovery was made. He fell down a flight of stairs and didn't hurt them a bit. He himself escaped uninjured. From then on his

How would you like to be a princess, wear beautiful clothes, a life of ease, and a continual round of pleasure? Sounds enchanting and delightful, but—

Portraying a Princess

that's another matter, so Marion Davies tells us in this interview with Sue McNamara. She loves the role of Mary Tudor, but prefers the dress of a modern girl

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown." Also, restrained are the feet that must travel under the stiff, long skirts and the arms that must gesture in the confining sleeves of a real princess' costume.

At least, so Marion Davies will tell you, after spending several months in the gorgeous, but extremely hampering, court regalia of Princess Mary Tudor, heroine of the delightful screen story, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. For a girl who is so fond of pretty sports clothes and the joyous freedom of movement which goes with them, Miss Davies really endured a small species of martyrdom during the making of this, her most important picture.

Every mild statement made by the star of the big production about the discomfort of court costumes is emphatically seconded by her ladies-in-waiting. In fact, the head costumer at Cosmopolitan studios had a really dreadful time inducing the queen and her attendants to wear their elaborate head-dresses well back on their heads as history dictated—instead of down over their foreheads as vanity suggested! Every woman knows that a hat perched back on her head is not nearly so becoming as one tilted over the eyes.

Yet all these little exasperations were mere trifles in the eyes of Miss Davies. The pretty star is rapidly emerging from the ranks of those who merely play society debutante types for the screen. Miss Davies has always been known for her beauty and winsome grace as well as for the elaborateness of her productions.

In her two new pictures, *The Young Diana* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, she does a good deal more than merely please the eye. In the former, which is adapted from the unusual story by Marie Corelli dealing with the restoration of youth, she has her first character part—that of a dull, drab spinster. Her admirers will never recognize in this sad-faced woman in horn-rim spectacles the radiant Marion Davies.

"Yet I enjoyed doing it immensely," says Miss Davies earnestly. "I want to really act—to portray women of various types, not just sweet and pretty ones. I felt so sorry for poor Diana that I actually felt haggard and worn when I got through a scene. It was far more interesting to me to get into that plain, somber gown and play the embittered, disillusioned Diana for whom life held nothing than it was to play the usual successful and happy girl of wealth and social position. It is easy for any young girl to portray such a type—but to make your audience feel the sadness and despair of a middle-aged woman who feels life and youth and love slipping from her forever, well—that is another matter. If I can make people see Diana as I saw her, then I shall feel that I have accomplished more than in several pictures of merely pretty clothes and smiling, carefree faces.

There is plenty of chance for contrast in *The Young Diana*, as Miss Davies also appears as a famous beauty with a ravishing wardrobe—after the scientist's experiment has restored

the drab spinster to lovely girlhood.

But it is in the big production *When Knighthood Was in Flower* that Miss Davies is most keenly interested. In this she has the role of the capricious, petulant, yet altogether lovable Princess Mary Tudor, who was willing to resign a throne that she might wed the man of her heart. It is a role to tax the ability of almost any actress. Princess Mary had a warm, impulsive heart and with it the regal hauteur which naturally accompanied her exalted position. She delighted in impish pranks, yet she could be as melting and tender as Juliet, as tragic as Ophelia. In fact, Princess Mary Tudor is considered by historians and poets alike to have been a distracting combination of Beatrice, Rosalind and Juliet, all in one.

It has been the dream of Marion Davies' life to play Mary—that is, the dream since she was old enough to appear on the stage, at least.

"From the day I read that beautiful story of Princess Mary Tudor and her courageous fight to wed the man she loved I have longed to portray on the screen the character of this charming, willful, yet altogether irresistible sister of King Henry VIII," said Miss Davies as she rested a moment between scenes. The heavy, rich, velvet and ermine gown she wore was sprinkled with jewels especially designed for it and must have cost a small fortune in itself. It was easy to see from the animated and absorbed expression with which she watched every detail of the scene being made that Marion Davies was heart and soul in the colorful historical romance being prepared for the screen with such infinite care.

"I was still on the stage when I first read the book," continued Miss Davies. "Immediately I thought, 'Oh, what a wonderful story for the screen,' for, of course, wonderful Julia Marlowe had already played the part on the stage. I never was happier than when it was finally arranged that I was really to do Princess Mary for the screen. For months before we started making the actual picture I haunted art galleries and libraries constantly studying costumes and settings of those times. Then I had to brush up on my fencing. I have always been fond of it as a splendid exercise, but in the picture I have to do some real fighting with the sword when, disguised as Brandon's young brother, I try to run away from England with him."

Subsequently I watched the star going through the scene she mentioned and she did, indeed, give a good account of herself with the foils. She proved a worthy antagonist for the able swordsman whom she met in front of the camera.

Working eight and nine hours a (Continued on page 55)



"I Believe in Myself and in My Work"

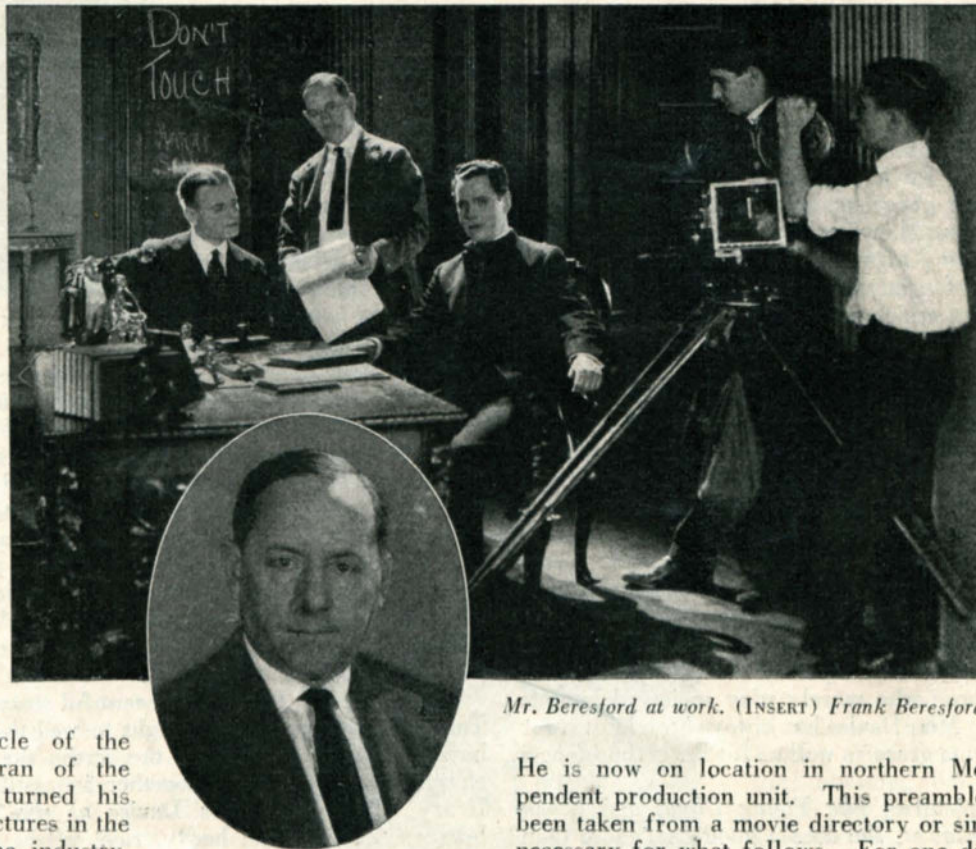
—FRANK S. BERESFORD

A refreshing and interesting interview with a veteran of both the spoken and silent dramas. Frank S. Beresford tersely and pointedly discusses the production of motion pictures. He speaks as one with authority, based on a ripe experience, with notes by Marcel H. Wallenstein to whom the interview was given

AT the bottom of his application for a position on the producing staff of the Paramount Long Island studios Frank S. Beresford wrote, "I believe in myself and in my work." Above that simple statement of confidence was a detailed account of Beresford's past experience and qualifications for the new job. The list ran through half a dozen closely typed sheets; a chronicle of the labors of a veteran of the stage who had turned his hand to motion pictures in the earlier days of the industry. He believed in the films as an entertainment medium. Of the men who have had an important role in the production of photoplays, Frank Beresford is approached in back-stage experience only by that other veteran, Hugh Ford. In the twenty years previous to his first celluloid venture, Beresford had been continuously identified with the theatre. It was his life. He had written, produced and directed for the stage in the United States, Canada and Europe. He had studied the German methods of producing scenic effects and knew more than a little of the methods of the Parisian theatre systems. He had bulwarked his theory by constant practice as a director and play doctor, and his work was in constant demand by Broadway theatrical producers.

Grand opera companies had succeeded under his guidance; he ran the scale through the classic drama, pageantry, musical comedy, vaudeville and even burlesque. His associations in New York included seasons with Belasco, Dillingham, Mort Singer and the Frohmans. One season he was directing undergraduate plays at Chicago University; the next year saw him producing a Lew Fields' vehicle.

Before the doors of the Paramount studios at Long Island City were closed, Mr. Beresford was manager of that huge plant. The last production completed in that vast factory



Mr. Beresford at work. (INSERT) Frank Beresford

was a hopeless thing, so bad in the first filming the company refused to release it. It was given to Beresford, and through his efficient surgery and the addition of a few scenes, he made a picture which was seen this season on Broadway. Later he was called to Washington by Will Hays, then Postmaster-General, to prepare and produce a series of educational releases.

He is now on location in northern Mexico with an independent production unit. This preamble, which might have been taken from a movie directory or similar *Who's Who*, is necessary for what follows. For one day Beresford calmly proceeded to dissect his vocation, voicing opinions which would have seemed heretical to his associates in the studio.

To begin with, he said: "The making of motion pictures is not an art."

There was nothing alarmingly original about such a statement. It had been said before, is still being said. Even then (a few months before the first of the Hollywood scandals) nearly everyone seemed to be taking pot shots at the screen. It was an easy target, as it continues to be, and every hit stood out boldly on the silver-white expanse. Among the complaints against producers was the one that no one connected with picture-making, neither writers, directors nor players, are endowed with perspective. The painter, it was pointed out, walks back from his portrait and studies it carefully from the distance. The sculptor does the same with his plastic. The novelist groups each portion of the whole to make it fit. Each of these artistic craftsmen it was said, and not badly said, stood off a little distance and saw his characters as living creatures. He got perspective, the keynote of every artistic achievement.

On this day of which I am speaking Beresford dusted off his hands and stepped back, not from some particular screen drama in which he was engrossed at the time, but from the whole profession or industry, or (Continued on page 52)



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

NITA NALDI

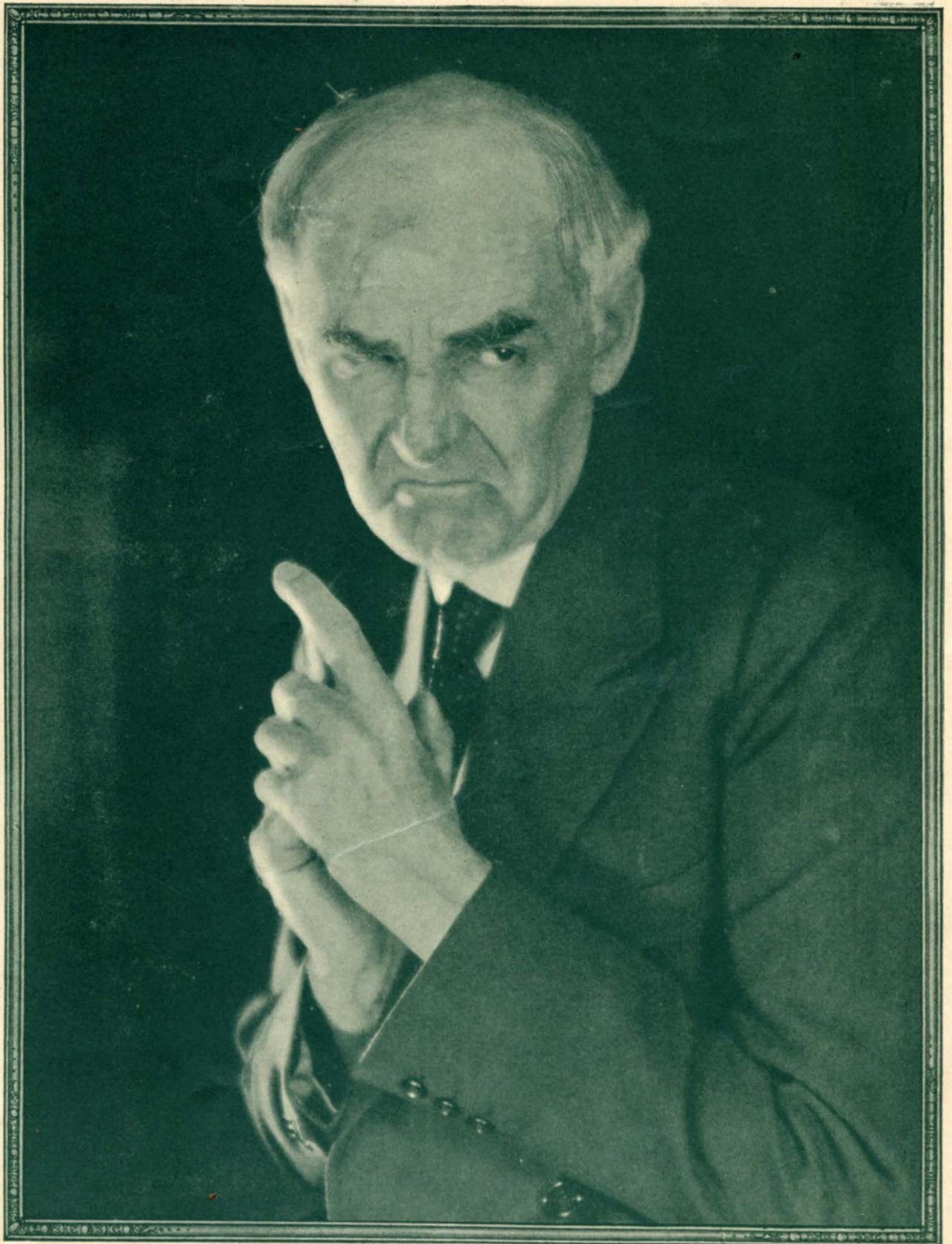
Whose striking Latin beauty will enhance Paramount's production of "Blood and Sand," an adaptation of the novel by Ibanez



Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.

MACLYN ARBUCKLE

Whose splendid conception of the leading figure in "The Prodigal Judge" adds a rare portrait to the notable characterizations of the screen



Photograph from First National

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

Still enjoying his triumph as the earl in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," this sterling actor essays a new role in Marshall Neilan's "Fools First"



Photograph by Pach Bros., N. Y.

PAULINE GARON

*A new leading woman who plays opposite Richard Barthelmess
in "Sonny" and with Owen Moore in "Reported Missing"*



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

EVA NOVAK

Who, like her sister Jane, has appeared in many of William S. Hart's Western romances



Photograph from Paramount Pictures

DAVID POWELL

Convincingly Castilian as the hero in "The Spanish Jade," a Paramount picture directed by John Robertson among the hills of Andalusia



Photograph from Paramount Pictures

RODOLPH VALENTINO

Highly picturesque as the torero in "Blood and Sand," a story of Spain photographed in the studios of California



Photograph by Hoover Art Studios, L. A.

BETTY COMPSON

Who seeks a new type of character in each picture she makes, will soon be seen in "The Bonded Woman"

The "Spanish" Film Invades America

TOREADORS AND SENORITAS ARE THE MOST POPULAR SCREEN CHARACTERS OF THE MOMENT

By Charles L. Gartner

IT LOOKS as if we'll have to fight Spain again! The supporters of that international institution, the motion picture, have fallen so hard for the Spanish flavor in their favorite dish of entertainment that it begins to look as if the good old American ideals and traditions are due to go by the boards.

Everywhere—all over this country at least—the male movie fans are sprouting sideboards in imitation of Rodolph Valentino, and trying, by means of a ferocious sunburn, to acquire a dark complexion. The effects of the screen's Castilian movement on the fairer sex is quite obvious to any one walking the main thoroughfare of any and all of our cities. Typically Spanish capes, including the fringes, are being worn by many of our women. Spanish lace is the latest word for trimmings on all garments. And those odd-looking shoes with the bows on the side—falsely claimed as French—are a product of Old Spain. The ladies have even gone so far as to try to learn how to cook *tamales* and *tortillas*. And the long-suffering men-folk are bravely trying to cultivate a taste for them.

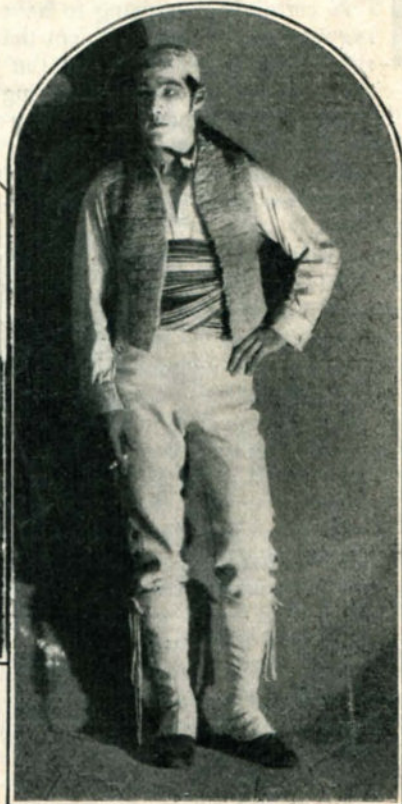
Rodolph Valentino started it all with his masterful portrayal of the character of Julio Desnoyers in *The Four Horsemen*. The average American—male and female—is just as romantic as any Spaniard, and the way Rodolph swept through those ten reels of the Ibanez story prompted every flapper, from fourteen to forty, to sigh for a lover of the same type, while the members of the sterner sex immediately started taking correspondence school lessons in the intricate art of tripping the tango.

The motion picture producers, with a sensitive finger on

the pulse of the public, noticed the leaning of the fickle fan toward things Spanish and, striving as they always do to please, gave the admirers of the silver sheet what they wanted. Within the last year there have been some thirty features, with a Land of the Bull Fights background, released. Paramount has been especially active in this respect and will soon release to a palpitating public *Blood and Sand*, starring Rodolph Valentino; *The Spanish Jade*, a John S. Robertson production with David Powell; *North of the Rio Grande*, with Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels, and *The Dictator*, starring Wallace Reid.

Of all the *Spanish* pictures made to date only one actually was photographed in the exact locale of the story. This was *The Spanish Jade*. At an enormous expense Mr. Robertson took his whole company of players to Spain and filmed his story with its native background. Most of the action was filmed in and about the picturesque city of Seville. Carmona, a little town about twenty-five miles from Seville, also figured prominently in the picturization of the novel by Maurice Hewlett. At Carmona Mr. Robertson and his company had to hold up production until a great crowd of natives, who had gathered to try for jobs as extras in the picture, had dispersed.

Mr. Robertson had made arrangements with the mayor of the town to have a number of the inhabitants act as extras in some of the scenes. On the morning the "extras" were to report, Mr. Robertson went down to the town hall to look them over and found that somehow word had gotten all around the town that "the American" was going to take pictures of some of the people for (Continued on page 52)



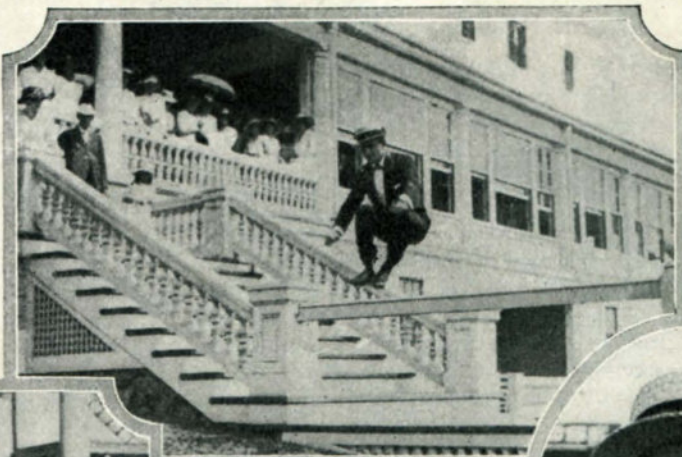
LEFT: Lila Lee in "Blood and Sand," a studio-made Spanish romance. CENTER: David Powell and Evelyn Brent in "The Spanish Jade," a screen adaptation of a novel by Maurice Hewlett, which was photographed in rural Spain. RIGHT: Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand"

A Cut-Back on Doug

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF FAIRBANKS' EARLY DAYS IN PICTURES

By Virginia T. Morris

In 1916, when Doug chose Anita Loos' story, "American Aristocracy," for screen production, he selected the fashionable resort, Watch Hill, as the background for his story and the members of the exclusive summer colony as his "extras." Many of the scenes were filmed on the veranda of the leading hotel, and great was the enthusiasm



of the resorters as they found themselves playing roles before the camera. Doug's genial smile always kept them in good spirits and his acrobatic stunts provided them with thrills



IT IS certainly reassuring to have a firm grasp on enduring renown. I feel confident that I shall be spoken of by succeeding generations in the same breath with the Kaiser's dentist, President Harding's *Laddie Boy* and the other outstanding figures of our day who are famous by association. The distinction I claim for myself is that of having known Douglas Fairbanks before that peppy gentleman's shadow drew standing-room-only crowds wherever movies move.

One night, about eleven years ago, before the advent of the war tax or the well known fifty-cent advance on box office prices, I paid my two dollars for an orchestra seat at a play called *Hawthorne of the U. S. A.* The cast didn't mean a thing to me, for not one name had a familiar sound. The performance started conservatively enough; nothing out of the ordinary happened until a clatter was heard and the actor playing the title role made his entrance by spectacularly vaulting a wall at the back of the stage. When I recovered my breath I turned the pages of the program and read "Hawthorne . . . Douglas Fairbanks."

A few months later, with the lights of Broadway completely forgotten, I found myself at the seashore and one particular afternoon at a tennis tournament at the country club. The people around me, whom I had not previously known, I had met in one of those wholesale introductions where the person doing the honors mumbles names in a tone inaudible, to say the least. Next to me stood a young man with dark hair, a very tanned complexion and a most engaging grin. When he began talking to me about the game I said, "Do you know

your face is awfully familiar to me, but I didn't catch your name." "Oh," he replied, "Fairbanks—Douglas Fairbanks."

Of course I recalled Hawthorne at once and I later heard that this young actor, who was beginning to attract attention in theatrical circles as a player of juvenile comedy roles, had taken a cottage near by for the summer. He soon became one of the most popular members of the colony and his many interested friends followed his progress during the next few seasons in *He Comes Up Smiling*, *The New Henrietta*, and *The Show Shop*, in which he made his last stage appearance.

During the intervening summers his visits to the Rhode Island coast became briefer and briefer and in 1914, when he made an unusually hurried trip, the rumor spread that Doug was to desert the stage for moving pictures as the result of a persuasive offer of two thousand dollars a week from D. W. Griffith. Later in the season we all turned out en masse to see him in *The Lamb*, his first production for Triangle-Fine Arts, where his acrobatic instincts ran rampant, much to the delight of an astounded and gasping picture public.

"I'll wager the next two years were the hardest Doug had ever put in. I had a pretty busy time myself following up all the pictures he made. But I never let one get by because, first of all, I was interested in his exploits in this then novel field and, secondly, because there is an uncanny fascination in seeing some one whom you know in flesh and blood projected upon the screen. Every movie fan remembers those first Fairbanks comedies, full of speed, action and the contagious smile: *Double Trouble*, *Reggie Mixes In*, *His Picture in the Papers*, *The Americano*, *The Habit of Happiness*, *The Matri-*

maniac, The Half-Breed, and Manhattan Madness. In 1916 an overworked Doug determined to try the old stuff of combining business and pleasure and brought his company to the seashore resort to make *American Aristocracy*. Then there was great rejoicing, and swimming and golf gave way to the new sport of helping to make a movie. And, let me tell you, Doug had lots of help! His theatrical experience stood him in good stead, for without it I am positive he would have suffered from stage fright from the devouring eyes of some five hundred guests at the hotel which he used for location. Promptly at 9 A. M. the seething throng would begin to follow his dark blue tuxedo all over the place, and even lunch was forgotten in the absorbing pursuit of listening for the director's thunderous command, "All ready, Doug, CAMERA!" Director Lloyd Ingram—ah, there was a martyr! If he were less good natured than Fairbanks with the crowd of spectators, it was only because he was brought up in the peace and quiet of a studio! I remember his long-suffering attempts to rehearse six or seven times one scene where Doug jumps up on the railing of the porch to speak to the heroine and, losing his balance, falls headlong down the stairs. He finally succeeded in getting the crowds out of the camera range, but just as he gave the photographer the order to grind and Doug took a remarkably realistic tumble, a woman who had that moment come out from breakfast and taken her place in the front row, emitted a frightened cry of "Oh, mercy, is he hurt?" and dashed down to Doug to administer first aid. The director's reply can best be recorded in print by a line of stars and exclamation points!

Between scenes Fairbanks kept in training by imitating Will Rogers and Bill Hart, and he can give them both a run for their money when it comes to twirling a wicked lariat. Soon the word to begin again would go around, and down the road we rushed to where our lively star was told he must dangle at a precarious height from the telephone wires. He did so as easily and naturally as if he had been asked to walk across the street, and this little stunt he affectionately dubbed "Just Hanging Around Watch Hill." The object of this feat was to drop from the wires to the top of a car in which the girl of his dreams was passing by. Of course, a very sturdy type of automobile was necessary, but Lady Luck seemed to be among the vast multitude of extras ready to supply Douglas' every need. The daughter of the president of a famous automobile company happened to be celebrating her birthday, and immediately offered to loan the new coupe which was among her gifts. It isn't the best thing in the world for a new car to have Doug fall upon it, but its youthful owner considered her father's gift much more valuable because it carried these distinguishing scars of camera service. I hope the populace of Hollywood, where Fairbanks now works, is not too hardened to the thrills of movie making, for his old

friends would feel deeply concerned if they thought he wasn't still receiving every attention.

The big day for the extras came when the script called for a mob to greet the villain after a successful aerial flight. It was the one and only contradiction I have ever heard of the old axiom—"money talks." While Mr. Ingram was arranging us in our places he made the announcement that the company would be glad to pay any one taking part in the scene at its regular rates, but the excitement was so rife as we practiced looking skyward that nobody heard him. In that crowd the moving picture public has been deprived of many a screen artist, I am sure, for I never saw people get as wrought up over the sternest reality as did they over that imaginary aeroplane sailing above them.

By about four o'clock the sun would refuse to cooperate any longer and the company would call it a day. Then Doug would gather together a half dozen of his friends and we'd jump into his Fiat and head for the beach to take a swim. At that hour of the day we owned the Atlantic Ocean and the whole beach was Doug's in which to turn somersaults to his heart's content. It isn't his fault if there aren't other exponents of his fearless art today, for he is utterly unselfish in showing anyone who is curious just how it's done. One of his favorite outdoor sports used to be teaching young swimmers how to dive into two feet of water without breaking their necks.

If your ambitions didn't happen to be along athletic lines you could still learn from Doug. He has the greatest collection of parlor tricks of any one in captivity. If his muscular versatility should go back on him he could return to the stage as a sleight-of-hand artist, rivaling the mystifying Thurston.

When evening came we would still have Fairbanks with us. He wasn't much on dancing, so we gladly deserted the ball room to have an opportunity to "listen in" on his entertaining conversation. Besides a store of amusing anecdotes he can recount some extraordinary experiences. His life has been an interesting and varied one.

He will tell you that about the first and certainly the funniest thing that happened to him was an engagement in Shakespearean repertoire. He gives a rare imitation of himself as Laertes, a role he once assumed on a half hour's notice when the troupe he was with reached Duluth. He gives a glowing account of a de luxe trip to Europe when he and a chum worked their way across on a cattle boat with fifty dollars between them. He tells of one wild night in Paris when some one tried to hold his friend and himself up for the remains of their beggarly fifty. "That was my first lesson in the rudiments of fist fighting," Doug says. "I don't know till this day just how badly we hurt that guy, but his friends gave us a whale of a chase. I'll never tell you how we got there, but we hid in the morgue all night!"

He must have some enlightening tales (Continued page 54)



Doug at twenty-one



The late Clifton Crawford, the author, Doug and the author's brother on the beach at Watch Hill, R. I.

Making a Motion Picture Producer

WHITMAN BENNETT TELLS SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES TO

Donah Benrimo

EACH day brings to light finer things that are being achieved in the film industry. We are constantly getting better and more artistic pictures. This is due to the fact that more and more men of education are coming to the fore as producers.

A case in point is Whitman Bennett. He is a man of culture who has traveled widely. Furthermore, he is a linguist and a bibliophile.

We paid him a visit at his Yonkers studio the other day. The appointment had been made over the telephone, and naturally we supposed that he knew what our mission was. But he seemed quite taken aback when asked to talk about himself. He was quite ready, nevertheless, to discuss a variety of subjects from censorship to the morals of the moving picture studios. However, after a little maneuvering he was induced to tell something of his beginning and progress in the picture business.

He has the look of the idealist and dreamer. And it isn't surprising to learn that he intended to enter the operatic field. He carried off the literary honors of his class when he graduated from Harvard in 1905. He attended the Boston Conservatory of Music.

"But," he said, "when I came to New York filled with ambition I found that my voice wasn't good enough. So I abandoned that idea and got a position as dramatic critic on a theatrical weekly. I was with it for a year. From there I went to the *New York Times* as assistant dramatic editor to Adolph Klauber. I left the *Times* and went to the Shuberts, holding the position of assistant general press agent. I was with them five and a half years. That was during the anti-trust movement. I wouldn't budge until I saw the end of the trust war.

"Then I started out for myself and bought an interest in two road companies. From them I garnered a wealth of experience, but nothing else, as I found myself without a dollar. I paused and looked over the field and decided that pictures had ruined small-time shows.

"My first alliance in the picture business was with the Mutual Film Company. I helped in financing the first D. W. Griffith film that the Mutual put out. I was with the concern for nine months.

"In the meantime I had acquired a half interest in four theatres. And had entered into a contract with Jesse Lasky to do some press work for him. The company went ahead very fast. *The Rose of the Rancho* was the first picture I



Whitman Bennett

handled for them. Finally I became general producing manager for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. I was with them three and a half years, retiring voluntarily for two reasons: First, because I wanted to go in for myself; and secondly, because I wouldn't subscribe to the principles of Wall Street. I was not afraid to take chances which Wall Street was. And the possibility of getting interesting films is lessened by the unwillingness to take chances. Consequently, with the entrance of moneyed interests into the organization, the work became uninteresting to me. I have been in the business for myself for nearly two years, and have had several pictures released. Four of these starred Lionel Barrymore. They were successful in New York, but failures on the road. The taste in New York and through the country is totally different. *The Devil's Garden* was stopped in three states on account of the censor bill. This meant a loss of thousands of dollars to me.

In this picture Barrymore does his best work, but on the road they don't want him. Instead they want the Wallace Reid type."

"But," we ventured, "*Salvation Nell* must have a universal appeal." "It has been proved that it has," he replied, "but don't think that I didn't have my troubles with it. It was released through the First National. After it was delivered to them they said that it was no good. Two young men and two women in the office believed in it. But the rest said that it was too sorrowful. That the public wasn't interested in serious subjects.

"I took the picture to Poughkeepsie where I tried it out for three days. And it did more business in the three days than *Passion* did there in the same time."

This seems especially good news in the face of the much-vaunted German films.

In answer to the question as to what he thought censorship will do to the picture business, Mr. Bennett said, "It may limit production. The average producer, in making his pictures, caters to the taste of the emotional woman. And don't lose sight of the fact that it is the women to whom the sex drama appeals. Now necessarily that type of picture will go out of existence. Instead, you will get melodramas—lots of them—and outdoor dramas, and business stories will be popular. In these there will be more leeway for men than women. Consequently there will be no great demand for women stars.

(Continued on page 55)



LEFT: Mr. Fitzmaurice staged his photoplay with the Bay of Naples as its background. A balcony at Sorrento



The Man from Home

Booth Tarkington's comedy is screened in Italy Under the direction of George Fitzmaurice



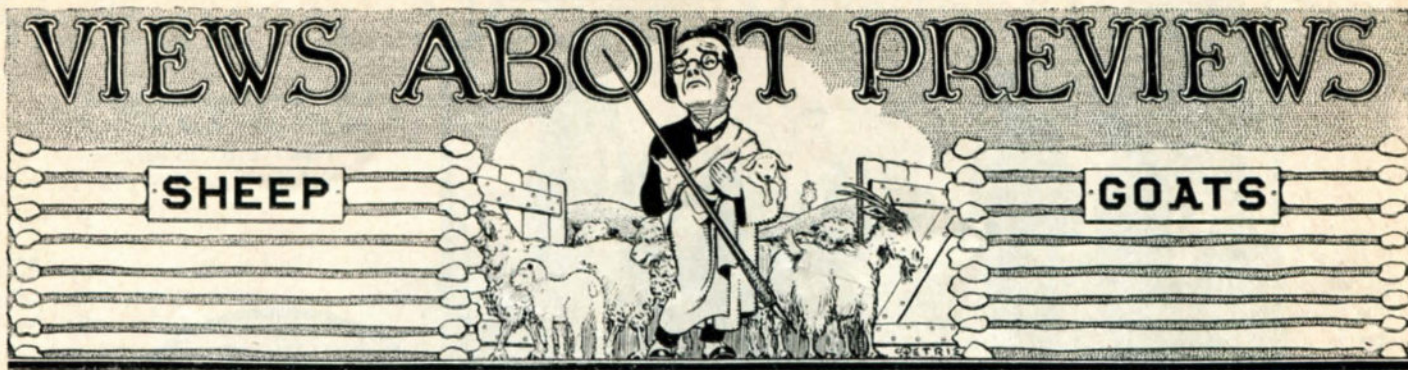
ABOVE: Anna Q. Nilsson as the heroine, and Norman Kerry as the villainous prince

BELOW: The prince's intrigue with Faustina Ribiere, a fisherman's wife, is discovered when she kills herself for love of him

James Kirkwood as Daniel Voorhees Pike, "the man from home," and Anna Q. Nilsson as Genevieve Grainger-Simpson, the Kokomo, Indiana, society belle who is seeking romance in Italy



Genevieve Simpson of Kokomo, Indiana, with her brother, goes to Europe for a three-years' sojourn. They are orphans with a considerable fortune, of which the executor is their father's old friend, Daniel Pike. The girl reciprocates Daniel's love for her, but three years abroad work many changes and she is dazzled by the attentions of a dissolute Italian prince. Daniel, scenting trouble, arrives on the scene and exposes the prince and his intentions toward Genevieve. Thoroughly disillusioned, she realizes she has never ceased loving "the man from home"



By Arthur Denison

WE CAN report a decided improvement for the month just past. Only one downright bad picture and several that come close to being really good.

To be sure, those that we liked best were mainly attractive from a pictorial point of view; but there is a lot of the globe that we have not seen, and we shall be quite content to look at a large number of places in the world so long as the photography is good and the story not too offensive.

The saddest failure of the month was *The Glorious Adventure*, which was the first attempt to photograph a feature picture in color. And it was sad mainly because it did not seem to advance the art of color photography in the least, but succeeded only in practically ruining what might otherwise have been an interesting story.

It may be that Mr. Blackton, who made the film, was afraid of a costume picture and thought he would remove the curse by coloring up the dresses a bit. If so, we recommend him to *Smilin' Through*, which is also a costume picture, but photographed in the usual manner. We think he would see the error of his way. For there is more illusion of color in the black-and-white photography of Miss Talmadge's film than there is in the abortive Prizma color effects of Mr. Blackton's. We are afraid the reviews are not very exciting this time, but that is really not our fault.

For the past two months things have been so hopeless that we were prepared to romp all over everything we saw. And then the producers switched the program on us and showed pictures which did not deserve that kind of treatment. We feel rather like the second-story man who spent years in perfecting himself in the gentle art of porch climbing, and then the Volstead

act came along and all the valuables got stored in the cellar.



TOP: *Fascination*. CENTER: *The Bachelor Daddy*. RIGHT: *The Man from Home*

Smilin' Through—*First National*

Somewhere among his maxims, La Rochefoucauld says that neither the sun nor death can be looked at with a steady eye. And recent events in the lecture world and in the theatre tend to confirm the assertion.

Literary blind-staggers seem to obscure the vision of a number of writers when they come to deal with the question of the hereafter. Apparently those trepid folk, as they grow in years, like to build for themselves an imaginary haven which will permit of some gracious intercourse with the scenes they are preparing to leave. More accurately, the element of fear begins to lay shadowy fingers upon them.

It was not so in an older time. Mark Twain held on to his uncompromising views, without sentimental concessions, to the end of his days. So, too, did Voltaire, in spite of the spurious assertions of a death-bed recapitulation to the church of his youth. And so, too, did Ingersoll. But the present generation is obviously out of agreement with them.

For several years, Miss Jane Cowl has gone up and down the land expounding the doctrine of a spirit guardianship with her play *Smilin' Through*; and now Miss Norma Talmadge has acted it for the films. Thus will the preachment take on a new, and a much more widely extended, lease on life. And whether for good or for ill is a question about which one may have a decided view without attempting to convert another to his way of thinking.

The story is unrolled in a curiously, and unnecessarily, complex fashion. But its thesis is simple. Departed spirits are out of tune with hate. Only when love and sympathy cast their effulgent auras around a mortal will the dwellers in the spirit land consent to appear to him. Consequently, when an old man, who has lived for years in charming communion with the shade of his long dead bride, permits hate to enter into his heart, the fussy ghost declines further relations with him.

The reason for the old gentleman's hatred is convincing enough. That bride of his, just a moment before her impending marriage to him, had been shot and mortally wounded by an unsuccessful suitor. And she lived only long enough to gasp out a dying promise to love, honor and obey. Certainly no bride, before or since, ever obligated herself less.

The man grows old along with the trees in his English garden where he sits throughout the long evenings evoking the appearance of his grieved-for Moonyeen, such being the lady's name. For that purpose, he kept a doll-like image of her in a convenient niche in the wall, before which he murmured a certain hocus-pocus, and presto! a diaphanous image of the good lady herself melted in through the garden gate. Which, of course, was charming of her and considerably enlivened the old gentleman's declining years.

But when a son of the murdering suitor appeared on the scene from America and protested love for the old gentleman's niece, the surrounding atmosphere was surcharged with hate. A spiritual static was set up which seriously interfered with communication with the other world. The shadowy Moonyeen sulked behind a cloud and declined to make any more personal appearances.

At the last, of course, everything was straightened out satisfactorily by the old gentleman's abandoning hate and welcoming the boy into his family. That apparently removed the obstruction, for the picture ended by his taking down his china doll symbol and successfully summoning the truant Moonyeen into the moonlit garden. A mystic tale for misty minds.

This affair of the doll as a symbol recalls to us a recent similar instance: Mr. Hergesheimer's *Cythera*. But there the doll was emblematical of everything voluptuously desirable in the ideal woman who existed in the imagination of a sex-haunted man. Those who approve *Cythera* will have but little patience with Moonyeen. And those for whom Moonyeen means purity and light will have to take to their beds at once with a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia if ever they run across *Cythera* in the toy shops of the world. The picture is beautifully produced and well acted, although Miss Talmadge's histrionic touch was often a little heavy for the delicate matter at hand. But a way occurs to us by which its presentation might be made doubly effective. Certain absurdly prosaic people have questioned the validity of Sir Conan Doyle's spirit photographs. Apparently his camera-man was neither so facile nor inventive as Miss Talmadge's. For certainly no one can cavil at the gradual, misty visualizations and disappearances of the umbrageous Moonyeen. Would it not be an excellent thing if Sir Arthur were to leave off lecturing and devote himself to personal appearances in conjunction with this film? The motion picture camera with its fade-outs and fade-in-agains cannot be surpassed at this sort of thing. Sir Arthur has a great reputation as a creator of fictions. Together, they should make a most happy combination.

The Primitive Lover—*First National*

The world does wag. Some shams and conventions, at least, are falling away from us. Two generations ago the "brilliant conversationalists" of Mrs. Humphrey Ward held their petty sway; talking, talking, but never prying under the veneer of an artificial society. And now today we have pictures which frankly face some of the undeniable facts of psychology and advocate, without shame, the beating of one's wife to keep her in the necessary subjection.

We also have pictures which go to prove the equally undeniable truth that no amount of beating or coddling will hold some wives. But *The Primitive Lover* belongs to the former class.

Constance Talmadge plays the romantic-minded wife of an unimaginative husband who supposes herself in love with the hulking author of a novel, "The Primitive Lover." She succumbs to his vivid word-pictures of themselves alone in the wilderness and himself wresting a primitive living from a cruel Nature, and divorces her husband. But the novelist plans a honeymoon which includes a limousine and hot and cold running water, and is consequently more than a little surprised when the astute husband kidnaps them both and, at the point of a gun, makes them live the back-to-nature life

which the novelist had painted so glowingly. Of course, when put to the test, the novelist proves that he is resourceful only on paper. How to light a fire without safety matches is beyond him. How to make flapjacks without some self-rising pancake flour is outside his comprehension. And the husband sits by and gloats while the romance fades. Yet he learns that something more is necessary in bringing a woman to her senses than merely to prove her wrong. So he takes his example from an Indian beating his squaw, and spansk the young lady roundly, which has the desired result.

It is all very light and diverting and excellently played. Miss Talmadge is at her most amusing in this sort of thing. However, the more attractive part, and too, the more important, falls to Harrison Ford, as the husband. And he plays it with a nice appreciation of its comedy values and a fine sense of burlesque. Altogether an admirable performance.

The Spanish Jade—*Paramount*

Apart from an appalling error of taste, and we should suppose an error of fact, too, *The Spanish Jade* comes close to being a thoroughly good romantic picture. The story is melodramatic, to be sure; but it is colorful, vivid and picturesque.



TOP: *The Spanish Jade*. CENTER: *The Good Provider*. LEFT: *Smilin' Through*

The action is entirely in Spain, and the picture was photographed there, which, after all, is a great help. For, while the chameleon-like landscape of California can be made to assume many different identities, seeing this picture and *The Man From Home* has made us realize the definite limitations of that western, natural backdrop. If it is a matter of only streets and houses, you are safe enough. Those can be built in Los Angeles and made to look pretty much like anything you wish.

But where you want big sweeps of open country, long panoramas of seacoast, of mountains, vistas of any kind of landscape which is foreign to California, you must ask concessions from your audience. For with all due respect to the pride which the native sons take in their Golden State, the seacoast at Santa Monica does not look like the shores of Spain. Old Baldy does not greatly resemble the Matterhorn.

And psychologically, it is a good thing for the story if your audience can believe in the validity of the backgrounds. For the knowledge that a picture is scenically a fake, no matter how clever a fake, is bound to intrude itself between the beholder and the sought-for belief in the genuineness of the story which he is watching.

As we said, the tale is melodramatic. But when we stop to think about it, we realize that we cannot tell the story in any great detail. We recall that it was chiefly about a peasant girl, who assumed the responsibility for a murder

which she did not commit, so that she might save the life of an innocent American, falsely accused of the crime. She did so because he, in turn, had saved her life.

Yet all the whys and the wherefores we do not remember; which, after all, is a good sign and not bad. For it means that we were more interested in the people of the story, as individuals, than in what, physically, was happening to them. And we do not see many pictures about which we can say so. Generally we have not much interest in either.

But we do recollect certain moments with vividness and pleasure: the dark shadow of a ghostly street in Seville, and hobbling through it the dwarfed figure of an old servant, the nemesis of the innocent American; the tense moment in which a certain hand reached out from an uncertain shadow and thrust a knife into an unexpected back; the bit of fine conviction in the scene of the girl's assuming the crime. Those we found stirring and possessed of some definite beauty. Incidentally, the girl was acted in a most satisfying and able fashion by Miss Evelyn Brent, a newcomer to us.

The error of taste, about which we spoke, was the audacious bribing of the judge of the Spanish court so that the girl might be set free. There was no subtlety in the giving of that bribe. Merely the handing over of a large cheque in full view of almost any one who wished to see. And there was no imagination revealed in the acceptance of it. The venal magistrate merely looked at the cheque, then at the girl and back again to the bribe, and apparently decided it was sufficient.

That unnecessary and distasteful blatancy will be offensive to any one who has respect for the judiciary at large; doubly offensive to a Spaniard who has a filial regard for his own system of courts; and triply offensive to any one who demands a little subtlety and imagination in all things.

The Good Provider—*Cosmopolitan Pictures*

The theme of *The Good Provider* must be as old as urban life itself, the desire of the younger, growing generation to leave the country for the city.

Miss Hurst, who wrote the story, plants the struggle in the family of a successful Jewish merchant in a small town close by New York City. The son and daughter urge the move, and having finally persuaded the mother to their way of thinking, win the day. From there on the action of the picture becomes mechanical and stereotyped, and the chief interest lay in the comedy, sometimes very well managed, of the uncouth, simplicity-loving father floundering about amid the pretentious grandeurs of an elaborate hotel.

But that second half of the story bore little, if any, relation to the earlier part. It was, in reality, another picture dealing with another set of circumstances. And the climax was sentimental and forced and interminably long in arriving.

Yet the first half of the picture, which showed the rise of the family from poverty to a comparative, middle-class prosperity, was convincing and continually interesting. The glimpses of the father driving his broken-down wagon peddling notions from door to door; the arrival of his emigrant wife and children; their inarticulate joy in having a house of their own, shabby as it was, with trees around it and a view; the chagrin of the son in having to go to school in a pair of girl's shoes which had fallen into the father's hands in the course of his casual bargainings about the countryside; the wrath of the father when the son tried to introduce some modern methods of window trimming into the small store which he had finally acquired—in all of those things there was persuasive reality. There was close observation and humor in the writing of them; and a breath of real life was breathed into their picturization.

Dore Davidson and Vera Gordon are excellent as the father and mother; while William Collier, Jr., as the son, gives promise of becoming the screen's most intelligent juvenile.

The Glorious Adventure—*Blackton Production*

The Glorious Adventure convinced us of one thing, at least: that we do not care to see any more feature pictures produced entirely in what is announced as *natural color*. As a matter of fact, it was a combination of the most unnatural tints we ever saw outside of a post-impressionist's picture of a sunset.

Hard reds blurred into harder greens. Sometimes the color seemed to be on the point of parting company with the figure it was supposed to illumine, just as, on badly printed bottle labels, the outline of the type is often slipping away from the blocks of color which should fill it.

Yes, and it convinced us that we do not care to sit before any further photographs of the empty, expressionless face of Lady Diana Manners. We do not recall ever having seen any one who was less equipped as an actress than she.

Had the story been photographed in the ordinary way, and had some one of ability played the chief part, we think that we should have found it interesting.

It is a sincere attempt at a semi-historical romance—an imaginary tale partially peopled with characters out of history—culminating in the Great Fire of London.

But as it was, we could not tell which was fire and which were actors. We think that the fire was a little redder most of the time.

It seems too bad that so much money and effort should have been practically wasted.

The Man From Home—*Famous Players*

All that we said in a preceding review about the truthfulness of backgrounds applies equally to *The Man From Home*. And the increased sense of conviction which such validity will give is made doubly clear here, for the story is considerably weaker.

It is a literal and unimaginative adaptation from the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson which first established William Hodge as the premier actor of uncouth, homespun Americans. It is as simple a tale, and equally familiar to most, as any of the better known nursery rhymes. How Daniel Voorhees Pike comes from his native Kokomo to southern Italy and saves the title-struck Genevieve Simpson from marriage with a bogus prince is not an imaginative work of any distinction or acute observation. It is, rather, a fairly competent combination of a number of well-worn, commonplace theatrical devices. And in the picture version, the contrast between the designing, crafty foreigners and the simple, blunt honesty of Brother Pike is made pathetically obvious.

But almost all that the Creator did for Sorrento and Capri in the bestowal of natural beauty is dragged in to save the day. Of course, dramatically, it cannot possibly succeed; but pictorially, it does. Although the director did not probably so intend, the interest lies in the backgrounds and not in the foregrounds. What action goes on close to the camera is not of any particular importance; but the quiet, placid beauty of the miles of sea, of foam-ribboned coast line, which stretch away as far as the eye can reach, those things are of considerable significance.

And, too, there is another virtue in being on the spot where your action is transpiring. It is a great relief to have crowds of minor characters which are authentically atmospheric. What a welcome change to see a village of fisher-folk, for example, who actually look as if they wrested their living from the sea; instead of a great lot of Hollywood extra-people, who hide their true insignificance behind a mask of badly applied grease paint; a motley assortment of butchers, bakers and candlestick makers who have turned minor thespians for five dollars a day and a generous portion of petty gossip and back-biting.

The acting ranges from bad to good. From the totally uninspired, mechanical performances of James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson, in the allegedly chief parts, to the intelligent impersonation by John Milner and the finely dramatic portrayals of Annette Benson and Jose Rube in supposedly minor parts.

In other words, the whole picture is a kind of glorified Burton Holmes travelogue of southern Italy, photographed by a far abler camera-man than Mr. Holmes ever has with him, and without the explanatory and humorless bits out of Baedeker which he drops in by way of sub-titles.

And since that camera-man has really more to his credit than any one else concerned with this picture, we append his name. It is Roy Overbaugh.

We meant to stop here, but our eye fell on the press agent's printed tootings of this film, and we note that he says of the director—George Fitzmaurice—that he is a giant among producers, "with an unflinching eye for the thrilling, the *climatic* and the beautiful." We imagine that wielder of adjectives meant *climacteric*, but, for once, one of the breed spoke the truth. "Climatic" is dead right. And we much prefer to watch the efforts of Mr. Fitzmaurice when he concerns himself with the high spots of atmospheric beauty rather than with crises in human emotions.

My Old Kentucky Home—Pyramid Pictures

Gentle Reader, would you like to make a considerable amount of money with the least possible effort? Yes? Then listen. Pick out the title of any well known song; the more widely known and the more sentimentally attractive, the better. Next, decide on some play of recent years which has been successful. Then write out the plot formula of that play, changing the names and the locale a bit, just to avoid confusion. Call the result by the name of the song you have selected. Put your manuscript in an envelope and send it off to some film company. Success awaits you.

Well, we must cease this mental philandering and go back to business. We were supposedly writing a review of a picture high *My Old Kentucky Home*, weren't we? That is all about a young man who was falsely accused of a crime, sent to prison, released, and later joined by two ex-crooks. The combination succeeded in reaping a fortune out of peach jam, the recipe for which belonged to the young man's mother. No; we beg your pardon. That is incorrect. Let's try again.

The combination succeeded in reaping a fortune out of a race horse, which belonged to the young man's mother.

That bit about the peach jam (*Continued on page 55*)

These Also Ran

THE BACHELOR DADDY. The chief virtue of this picture is its great plausibility. Thomas Meighan plays an engaged bachelor who adopts five little orphans—reduced to that pitiful state through the thoughtlessness of their father in offering hospitality to a homeless bullet—and transports them all across the country via Pullman car. Since this is a comedy, the little dears all cut capers and make funny faces. Our own idea of nothing to do is sitting for an hour before a film in which five elaborately over-dressed stage children are permitted to be just as cute as they know how. Talk about your Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children! What about the long-suffering audiences?

IN SELF DEFENSE. A Swedish picture starring Miss Jennie Hasselquist, who has quite a continental reputation as a dancer. When she acted, we thought: for heaven's sake, dance! But when she finally got around to dancing, we thought: oh! for heaven's sake, act.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT. The record of another transcontinental journey. Presumably a part of the propaganda for Henry Ford's Great Spring Drive. All about the son of the manufacturer of a popular, cheap automobile—in the picture, obviously a Ford with a false front—and how he drives a race across the land opposed by a great, snorting, high-priced racing car. A stupid picture in which Wallace Reid plays the son; while the father is acted by Theodore Roberts, who cuts the capers and makes the funny faces. But *he* is grown up and ought to know better.

THE SHIEK OF ARABY. The third, and we hope the last, of the Shiek series. A pretentious, tawdry affair with all the oriental atmosphere of Cairo, Illinois. H. B. Warner is entirely wasted on a story the plot of which is so old that it is transparent. Any one who cannot see through it from the beginning should consult an eye specialist.

A Rhymed Review

Fascination

When, dancing every morning in,
She gave her father endless worry,
To Andalusia, for her sin,
They shipped the care-free blonde Mae Murray.
Yet though she knew each cabaret,
Her most abandoned dissipation
Was spilling o'er the Great White Way
What people called her Fascination.

But Andalusia's wine and song
Proved anything but unentrancing;
And though her aunt swore it was wrong,
She entertained 'em with her dancing.
She danced at lawn fetes; danced in dives
Where lurked the blackest degradation,
But always slipped from Evil's gyves
By dragging out that Fascination.

Forth to a party gay, she fared,
Clad in a dress she couldn't have sat in,
And did some steps which quite ensnared
The matador, a handsome Latin;
'Twas a Spanish dance, without a shawl,
A quaint yet sinister gyration,
Confusing, quite; but through it all
She smiled and showed her Fascination.

Her father bobbed up at the last
From some amazing place or other,
And tearfully revealed a past
Which proved the matador her brother!
A tragic end, which we deplore;
For violent intimidation
Was THE strong suit of that matador . . .
He might have squelched her Fascination! A. D.

The Good Old Winter Time

TURN TO THIS PAGE SOME HOT DAY AND THINK OF THE GOOD TIME DOLORES CASSINELLI AND HER SUPPORTING COMPANY HAD WHILE MAKING "CHALLENGE"



Most motion picture actors love to work "on location," and their preference for outdoor work is easily understood after looking at these pictures. Just glance at the happy faces of Saccia DeMooers and Rod La Rocque, the two front figures on the toboggan. Even when they upset, the fun continues. Yet they are working hard to get the proper scenes for "Challenge"



In selecting her supporting company for her first independent production, Dolores Cassinelli chose a group of players whom she felt would be congenial, for she knew of the sport that might be had during the filming of the winter scenes. In the company, besides Miss Cassinelli, were Rod La Rocque, Warner Richmond and Saccia DeMooers. The pictures prove how well the star made her choice

Mae Murray's Fashion Page



Dear Readers of FILMPLAY:

I have been so busy during the past few weeks working in my new picture which I have tentatively named *Broadway Rose*, that I haven't had my usual chances for observing the new things in dress and dress accessories. Still I have made one or two interesting discoveries which I am going to tell you about. One of them is that dresses made, in a large measure, of lace, are becoming more and more popular. In most of cases the frocks in which lace is employed as the principal

material, confine the use of the lace to the skirts, although this rule is not an unbreakable one. As an illustration of the charming effects which may be obtained with some of the large-figured laces, I am giving you this month a picture of a lovely dress which Mabel Ballin is wearing. The frock is entirely of cream lace with a bodice which is extremely plain, having for its only decoration a cluster of brilliant roses on the corsage. The skirt is very full and is draped over soft, creamy silk. You will note that the skirt is much longer than any of the recent models. The lace overskirt drops at least six inches below the silk underdress, thus carrying out the long effect. Because of its fullness the dress is a huge success as dancing attire. Other interesting lace dresses I have seen are one of tan silk lace combined with tan silk, with the lace forming the front and back of the frock; another is of coffee-colored crepe and lace of the same color. In both of these frocks, as in Miss Ballin's, bright flowers are used at the girdle or corsage to set off the whole scheme.

I have noticed recently that many of the new evening gowns are modeled on lines which were new 2,000 years ago. Indeed, the main note in costuming seems to be taken from ancient Greece. There are the manifold plaits, which distinguished the earlier periods of classic draping, in many of the newest dance frocks. The diagonal, one-shoulder draping of the decolletes come into the most recent designs with great frequency. One summer evening gown in particular comes to my mind. It is made of white georgette over white crepe de chine and owes much to the Greek influence.



Mabel Ballin wears a lace dress

The white evening gowns of winter are being carried through into the summer and they often appear with a relieving touch of silver or gold. In the matter of dress accessories I have recently seen some perfectly charming hand-bags and vanity cases which are as individual as they are

essential to the toilette of every well dressed woman. One of the most unusual of the bags is a rather large one made of shark skin and white leather. The full part of the bag is made of the black shark skin while the upper part is the contrasting white leather. A band of white circles the lower part.

Another interesting bag is a flat one of moire framed with marcasite; a large silk tassel finishes it off to perfection. Still another charming conception is a powder bag made of a handkerchief which matches the gown with which it is carried. Gold tassels hang from each corner of the handkerchief.

I was also fascinated by a tiny gold box, oval in shape, which in a very compact space holds mirror, powder and even has a tiny place for bills.

Long earrings are in great favor at present and can be found in patterns and materials to suit every purse and every taste. Greek, Egyptian and East Indian designs are

extremely popular and most effective additions to any coiffure.

Next month I hope I shall have time to tell you of a greater number of things. When I am at work on a picture I give all my time to it: the days working in the studio, the nights planning the next day's work. At the end of each picture I always try to take a short rest but, generally, even though I go into the country, the details of the next production follow me. You see my husband is my director.

Mae Murray

THE FORUM

LAST month FILMPLAY published a group of letters from its readers in which the question "What Would You Do If You Had Mr. Hays' Job?" was answered. The letters offered so much constructive help that it was decided to keep the same question before FILMPLAY's readers for consideration in the July issue and to offer prizes for the best letters received. The flood of letters which followed the announcement is indisputable proof that movie-goers are as much interested in the betterment of pictures as Mr. Hays himself. The criticisms and the suggestions received not only touch on pictures themselves but on all phases of picture production, distribution and publicizing. After a careful consideration the following

"What Would You Do If You Had Mr. Hays' Job?"

THE PRIZE-WINNING LETTERS

1st Prize—John D. Cahill, 2101 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
2nd Prize—Mary E. Brown, 21 East St. Joseph Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
3rd Prize—Roy Frazier, 323 East Tenth Street, Topeka, Kansas.

letters were selected as being best suited for publication. The selection was made on the value of the suggestions contained in the letters in the problem of raising the standard of films and the film industry. Next month the question to be discussed is "Things I Don't Like in Moving Pictures." In the September issue the question "Are Censors Necessary for Motion Pictures?" will be discussed. Forum letters should be not more than 200 words in length and should be typed or written in a legible hand on one side of the paper only. All letters should be addressed to Forum Editor, FILMPLAY, 15 East 40th Street, New York City, and should be mailed no later than the fifth of the month.

What Would You Do If You Had Mr. Hays' Job?

First Prize Letter

Forum Editor:

Dear Sir: If I were in Mr. Hays' position, I would, first of all, try to cultivate a spirit of tolerance and fairmindedness which, to date, seems sadly lacking in that gentleman's makeup. I would not consider a man guilty after he had been acquitted by a jury which stated as follows: "This man has been done a great wrong; he should never have been arrested!"

I would also try to learn that the first interests, wishes and recommendations to be considered should be those of the men, women, and children whose patronage has placed the screen in its present prosperous, muchly-envied position. The protests of the different reform societies should be taken for what they are worth—almost nothing! Many of these agencies aim at the total destruction of the motion picture industry; while others, like some of our Parent-Teacher Associations, are either headed by, or composed largely of, female politicians who would welcome censorship because of the soft jobs and large salaries it would offer. (We have plenty of both types in Chicago!)

I would learn that there are newspaper publishers who are also interested in the picture industry; and to them I would talk in this manner: "Your newspapers have vilified and scurrilously attacked the characters of girl stars who are loved by millions of fans; compel your editors to publicly retract those statements—or I shall bar the films of your company from the American screen!"

When people talked to me about "house-cleaning" in the movies, I would say to them: "Are you aware of the fact that, compared to the speaking stage, the field of literature, and especially to the average big-city newspaper, the motion picture is as pure as the beautiful snow?"

To the preachers and the blue-law fanatics I would say: "During its entire history, the American screen has never flashed a message of racial or religious hate—can your organizations say as much?"

Those are some of the things I would do if I were in Mr. Hays' shoes.

Sincerely,
JOHN D. CAHILL.

Second Prize Letter

Forum Editor:

Dear Sir: If I had Mr. Hays' job, I would slacken up production in most of the studios, and insure to a faithful public, fewer pictures but products of higher quality and real finish.

I would admonish all directors against signing young women for studio work whose only qualification for screen acting was a victory in a beauty contest.

I would do my utmost to curb those producers who cleverly employ a healthy moral as a cloak for their salacious plots—who insult the tastes of decent people with pictures whose only asset is a sensual appeal—and save a discriminating audience from the perils of promiscuous censorship.

Lastly, but hardly least in importance, if I had Mr. Hays' job I would do all that the association had placed in my power to do to check the wild and groundless stories that yellow journalism manufactures to compromise the fair names of the men and women in my industry.

MARY E. BROWN.

❖ ❖ ❖

Third Prize Letter

FILMPLAY Forum Editor:

Dear Sir: Being an enthusiastic movie fan I am, of course, interested in anything that will help the moving picture industry. It is with great interest that I read the Forum. If I were in Mr. Hays' position I would first of all curb the false stories of the wild orgies in Hollywood. Of course, as in any other industry, there is immorality, but when I discovered any undesirables I would do as any other business man would do under similar circumstances—discharge them.

Next, I would try to perfect among the producers an organization to produce only clean and uplifting pictures. In this way state censorship (which has proven unsatisfactory both to the producer and the public) could be abolished and the picture when placed before the public would not be riddled by the censor's knife as we sometimes find it now.

I agree with Mr. Franklin Lancaster in his letter in the June FILMPLAY that the press agents should be suspended. If an actor or actress cannot gain enough publicity through their talents then they are not deserving of the public's praise. However, it seems to me that Mr. Lancaster criticized the people connected with the industry rather harshly in division five. Surely he can find no one more intelligent or refined than Elsie Ferguson, Lillian Gish, D. W. Griffith or Adolph Zukor, and there are many others that could be named.

Wishing FILMPLAY and the motion picture industry great success, I am,

Yours truly,

ROY FRAZIER.

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Forum Editor:

Dear Sir: If I were Will Hays and had the tremendous power which his position as head of the motion picture industry carries with it, I would act just as he has done in the matter of the Arbuckle films. I, too, would forbid them being shown in this country. But I would not stop at prohibiting their release. I would publicly burn them as an evidence of good faith.

This may sound radical and unreasonable. Perhaps it is when one considers that the producers of the films in question are said to have at least \$500,000 tied up in them. Also when one remembers that Mr. Arbuckle was acquitted after his third trial.

But does the fact that Mr. Arbuckle was acquitted destroy the fact that the party at which the happening which brought him into court occurred was sponsored by him and that it was the sort of party that it was? Does the acquittal return him to favor in the eyes of the parents throughout the country whose children adored his pictures? Does it make it any easier for these parents to tell their children why they do not want them to go to Arbuckle's comedies? Does the acquittal make Roscoe Arbuckle a different man from what he was before he appeared in the courtroom?

What is \$500,000 to the faith of the public on whom producers must depend? Arbuckle is but one small item in the great film industry. Yet, because he does belong to it the things that he has done and for which he has stood have been taken as the things the people of the film industry do and stand for. If the producers of films, through Mr. Hays, showed that they were through with all people of this kind—and showed it in some very tangible way—I believe that they would win back much of the faith in pictures and picture people which has been destroyed in the last few months. Burn Arbuckle's films! Burn half a million dollars' worth of them. The amount is negligible in the vast capital invested in the film industry. Burn them to prove the producers mean what they say when they promise a "housecleaning." Let the burning be marked with fitting ceremonies. The smoke rising from the pyre will carry the promise of good faith to the four corners of the world.

PETER DOYLE.

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Forum Editor FILMPLAY:

Dear Sir: It seems to me that one of the most salutary things Will Hays could do would be to issue an order that no interviews could appear under a star's name unless the star himself, or herself, actually wrote it. I, for one, am sick

and tired of reading exaggerated articles about film players which obviously came out of the fevered brain of some paid press agent.

Of course, some of them might need some correction as to punctuation and grammar; but that could be had easily.

If the press agents who write these absurdities, and the stars who permit it, could only realize how easily any one of intelligence can see through their stupid pretense, perhaps they would not be so willing to continue their efforts to delude the fans.

I am not trying to win that five-dollar prize when I say that the articles which I have read in FILMPLAY seem to bear the indications of being what they say they are: truthful stories about the players by people who really know and respect them. I have read them all with interest.

Yours very truly, KATHERINE JOHNSON.

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Forum Editor FILMPLAY:

Sir: If I were Will Hays, one of the first things I should do would be to appoint a committee, or at least some individual who had a conscience, to pass on the titles which are given to pictures. And I should instruct him that all titles must have at least some faint relation to the story before they could be approved.

Time and again I have taken my wife and my family to the theater to see some picture on the strength of the title which was advertised. And time and again I have been sadly disappointed.

I could recall a number of instances; but the most recent was a picture called "My Old Kentucky Home." Now, I have always loved that song, being from the Blue Grass State, and I thought the picture would have something of the sweetness and the poetry of the song. But I found that it was a story about crooks and race

horses. Nothing that I cared to have my children see. The government has a law which makes it imperative on all manufacturers of foods and drugs to print a label on the container stating just what is inside. You can't manufacture something that is harmful and pretend on the label that it is innocent. I, for one, think it would be a fine thing if Mr. Hays made the producers of pictures follow the same honest policy.

Yours truly, WILLIAM PETRIE.

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Dear Forum Editor:

Were I in Will Hays' shoes, where all I had to do was say the word and things would be as I wished, I should put the kibosh on those "art titles." I suppose I am old-fashioned and inartistic and all that, but I have always labored under what now seems to be a delusion that subtitles in pictures were meant to be read.

I go to a picture and a subtitle flashes on the screen and I do my best to make out what it is trying to tell me about the story, but generally the type is so mixed up with badly drawn daisies and poinsettias, so confused with a background of totally ridiculous pictures, that I can't make out what the poor author intended me to know. Either that, or the type is of an elaborate, curly-cue kind which gives me a headache to look at, let alone try to read.

Now and then I see titles printed in good old-fashioned plain-faced type. When I do, I say a fervent thank you.

Yours for legibility, SPENCERIAN.

The Editor's Page

HOW many times have you arrived late at your favorite motion picture theatre to find the doors closed temporarily and an impatient crowd waiting to get in? How many times have you howled against the management for selling you a ticket "subject to delay," and found that you would have to stand in the lobby for half an hour before you could be furnished with a seat? You probably have vented your wrath on the theatre staff in one way or another, but you have also waited until the doors were opened to you. Consider your own discomfort for a moment and then consider the problems of a theatre manager who finds that the picture he is showing is so popular that he cannot handle his audiences.

Writing on *Movie Crowds* in this issue of FILMPLAY, M. M. Hansford describes some of the managerial problems which have come to his notice during several years' connection with three of the largest motion picture theatres in New York City. What he has to say about Manhattan audiences is equally true of audiences in every city in the United States. With keen insight into crowd psychology he discusses the difficult days—for the manager—just following the signing of the Armistice, when every one was carefree and demanded entertainment, not much caring what it was. It was then that crowds stormed theatres, sometimes actually destroying property in their mad rush for pleasure. He tells, too, of the ever-present plagues of the theatre manager—the people who demand admission without paying the usual admission fee, people who often base their claims to such courtesies on a distant relationship to the head usher or the fact that their third-cousin reviews pictures for a suburban newspaper. You have all seen movie crowds; you have all been part of them. Read Mr. Hansford's discussion. You will find it of great interest.

THE most entertaining feature which FILMPLAY has yet published begins in this issue. Arthur Denison, who is writing the series of articles from information supplied him by a former resident of California's film center, calls it *Au Revoir Hollywood, AND Goodby!* The series is an authoritative one despite the delightful light manner in which Mr. Denison has handled it. The first installment sets the stage for what is to follow. It describes Hollywood as it really is, a suburb of Los Angeles, which has grown with great rapidity because of the movie industry which centers in it. The flimsy bungalows, the built-in furniture, the newness and the rawness of the place are set forth without reserve. In other installments the people and the life of Hollywood will be featured. Through the pages will flit the people whose names are familiar to every movie-

goer. Their personalities, their fads and their foibles will be disclosed. Don't miss a single installment. Whatever you have pictured Hollywood to be, you will have a different view when you have finished *Au Revoir Hollywood, AND Goodby!*

IN THE June issue FILMPLAY ran its first cartoon of a motion picture star by Mark Tobey. This month Mr. Tobey has contributed another cartoon—a study of Eric von Stroheim as he appears in *Foolish Wives*, or any of his productions for that matter—a drawing which is not only a cartoon, but also a careful study of "the man you love to hate." Mr. Tobey is one of the younger generations of artists; a portrait painter with a sense of humor and an imagination which he somehow gets into all his work. FILMPLAY will publish a series of cartoons by him, among them studies of Mae Murray, Lillian Gish, Pola Negri and Harry Carey.

I HAVE told you more than once of FILMPLAY'S policy of truth and accuracy. This month the magazine contains another article which illustrates the effort made to adhere to this policy. *A Cut-Back on Doug*, by Virginia T. Morris, is a first-hand reminiscence of Douglas Fairbanks in the early days of his picture career. It is the story of the making of *American Aristocracy*, a picture in which Doug combined his usual summer vacation and his new (then) profession. Watch Hill, Rhode Island, where he had been accustomed to spend his summers, was chosen as the locale for the picture and the summer colony played all the "extra" roles. Even in those days Doug was doing startling stunts, one of which was dropping from telephone wires into a passing automobile. Read the article. In it you will find the promise of many things which Fairbanks has since fulfilled.

AT LAST there is something new in motion pictures! Earl Hurd, creator of the cartoon character "Bobby Bumps," and a pioneer in the field of animated cartoons, has invented a process which artists have long sought: a process by which cartoon characters are made to act in pictures with human beings. The story of Earl Hurd and his invention appears in this issue of FILMPLAY. Perhaps by this time you have seen one of his joyous comedies on the screen. If you have you will find double interest in the article. If you have not, after you read it you will find yourself watching for the announcement of one of his pictures at your favorite theatre.

Harold Harvey

East Coast Activities

By Leo Leary



Who would recognize this as Marion Davies?

educational rather than commercial success by making a series of motion pictures which will be a dramatic pictorial history of the world, designed to convince spectators that war is foolish. This series, on which he may start work in the autumn, will cost \$20,000,000.

The first picture of the group will take more than two years to make, Mr. Griffith estimates, and it will require from seven to ten years to complete the series. The film history of the world will be compiled, he said, from the best romantic novels to be found, and each episode will be a love story, as nearly perfect in historical background as experts can make it.

"The series will not be undertaken as a commercial venture," Mr. Griffith told FILMPLAY. "If it eventually pays for itself, the underwriters will be satisfied, but what we are trying to do is to produce a picture of educational value rather than a commercial success. We are going to present the history of the world in one language which the people of all nations can understand, even the illiterate.

"That language is the motion picture. We are going to bring home to these people that there is no fundamental reason for warfare between nations. We are going to show them that the farmer or the laborer of one country has no reason in the world for hating the farmer or laborer of any other country.

"The great enemy of all peoples is intolerance, the breeder of hate and wars, and intolerance is based upon misunderstanding. We hope in some measure to clear up the mistaken notions which people have regarding their neighbors by showing them that in all periods of history nations have had

DAVID Wark Griffith, ever a leader in the field of films, returned recently from a brief trip to Europe with plans for the accomplishment of the greatest dream he has ever had. From now on, he declared, he will seek edu-

just as much, if not more, in common than they have today, when the spirit of co-operation is stronger than ever before."

While in England Mr. Griffith consulted several bankers, who promised him their backing in the project, he said. He also talked with H. G. Wells and with George Bernard Shaw, though not on business matters. Shaw told him, he said, that many playwrights found the films a convenient means of immortalizing their works, but so far as Shaw was concerned, such a precaution was entirely unnecessary, as his plays were immortal anyhow.

Whether or not the usual Griffith cast will be employed in the projected series of pictures, Mr. Griffith did not say. At present both the Gish girls are resting following the many personal appearances they made throughout the country in connection with *Orphans of the Storm*. Richard Barthelmess, who appeared in so many of Mr. Griffith's productions, now heads his own company. His next picture is to be *The Bond Boy*, a story which requires him to play, in the early scenes,

the father of the chief character in the main plot. To give himself the necessary age for the part Dick recently made a hurried trip to Bermuda during which he raised a moustache. Incidentally, Mrs. Barthelmess (Mary Hay) has been very ill, but is now safely on the way to complete recovery, much to the joy of her devoted young husband.

At the International Studios Marion Davies is completing *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, a story of Tudor England which promises to



CENTER: Betty Blythe enjoys a yachting trip on Long Island Sound. BELOW: Richard Barthelmess is making "The Bond Boy"

be the biggest picture she has ever made. In it she plays the madcap princess who falls in love with Charles Brandon. Quite in contrast to this role is the one she plays in Marie Corelli's *The Young Diana*. With this article there is published a picture of Miss Davies as she appears in the (Continued on page 53)



Out of the West

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

By Dennis McCauley



THINGS wag on about the same in Hollywood. Mr. Arbuckle sits around twirling his thumbs and wondering when Will Hays is going to let him go to work. They haven't discovered who killed William Taylor. And the threatened return of activity still hovers on the horizon, apparently somewhat undecided whether it shall descend on the studios or remain for a while longer as the favorite topic of conversation.

This is a strange land. Here it is almost June and in the other parts of the country the world is going green, while here the warm, dry days will burn all the hillsides brown as an Indian. Not until the rains of September and October come around will the semblance of a spring come singing over this extraordinary land. Oh well.

The most important contract signed during the month past is one which binds Rex Ingram to the Metro organization for another two years. Thus has the director of *The Four Horsemen* justified himself. We remember when that picture was in the making it was the pet jest of everyone that he was far on his way to putting the company into bankruptcy. All the wisecracs went around prophesying that they would never get back the money which was being poured into it.

Buster Keaton established himself as the chief humorist of the town when he said, "Into the valley of debt rode *The Four Horsemen*." But now it is Mr. Ingram's chance to laugh. In one picture he put himself among the first directors, both artistically and commercially.

He is now completing a picture which he himself wrote called *Black Orchids*. Although they are not saying anything about it, Mr. Ingram has produced the story once before; several years ago when he was with the Universal company. At that time, if our memory serves, the leading part was played by Myrtle Gonzales. When that picture is out of the way, Mr. Ingram will turn again to French literature for his story and will produce a picture from Victor Hugo's famous tale, *Toilers of the Sea*.

Charles Ray is hard at work on the picture version of the successful play, *The Tailor-Made Man*, which Harry James Smith made from the Austrian comedy, *The Well-*

Fitting Dress Coat. Probably many of you have seen Grant Mitchell in the part during the two or three years in which he played it up and down the country. Mary Pickford had the rights to the play and held on to them tenaciously for some time. Just what she was going to do with it isn't very clear unless she intended it as material for brother Jack. But Mr. Ray had long coveted the play and finally persuaded her to part with it to him.

It will be his first production for United Artists and the character should fit him to perfection.

Alice Calhoun has started work on her latest Vitagraph picture, the temporary title of which is *Blue Blood*. This story was written especially for Miss Calhoun by Graham Baker, the editor of Vitagraph. It is a light comedy of social climbers and bogus noblemen.

Things are beginning to hum around the Louis Mayer studio with the appearance on the lot of Reginald Barker, long a director of some of the best pictures which have come out of the Goldwyn plant. Mr. Mayer has now signed three well known directors who will produce under his banner. The other two are John M. Stahl, who has acquired notice through his *The Child Thou Gavest Me* and *One Clear Call*; and Fred Niblo, who directed Douglas Fairbanks in *The Mark of Zorro* and *The Three Musketeers*. The policy of these men will be to have casts in their pictures which include a number of well



TOP: Mary Pickford sells Charlie Ray the famous comedy, "A Tailor-Made Man." CENTER: Tony Moreno rehearses an acrobatic stunt with some of the fair members of his company. BOTTOM: Jackie Coogan is host to Reinold Werrenrath, the famous tenor

known names, rather than devoting themselves to any individual star.

An announcement from several of the larger studios that they have set a limit of fifteen hundred dollars as the top price they will pay in the future for original stories has caused some consternation among the free-lance writers. However, I do not think that they need be much agitated. Such things have been said before. But let a story come along which more than one producer wants, and they will forget all about their agreed limit.

Bryant Washburn, who used to be a star on his own, but who has been playing supporting roles of late, may shortly reappear in the stellar capacity. It is reported that an offer has been made him to play in a series of two-reel domestic comedies with Mrs. Washburn. Presumably the effort is to revive interest in the kind of short film in which the late Sidney Drew and Mrs. Drew were so popular a few years ago.

To Have and to Hold, based on Mary Johnston's historical novel, is to be filmed again. An early version starring Mae Murray and Wallace Reid has long been one of Paramount's most popular pictures. The same company will reproduce it; this time with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell in the leading roles. George Fitzmaurice will direct.

Thomas Meighan has completed *Our Leading Citizen*, which George Ade wrote for him, and will commence work shortly in the Cecil DeMille feature, *Manslaughter*. Leatrice Joy will play opposite him.

Lately most of the leading women in pictures have gone to sea. Dorothy Dalton in *Moran of the Lady Letty*; Bebe Daniels in *The Game Chicken*; Helene Chadwick in *Yellow Men and Gold*; and now Betty Compson is appearing as the daughter of a sea-faring father in *The Bonded Woman*. Shipwreck and desert island scenes will abound, as usual.

Robert Sherwood, the film critic of *Life*, has been prowling around Hollywood for several weeks past with a most mysterious air. Now the secret is out. He has been supervising the making of a satirical film which will picture many of the screen notables and give them a chance to see themselves as others see them. The review is called *Through Darkest Hollywood with Gun and Camera*. Mr. Sherwood will exhibit it in many Eastern cities with an accompanying lecture.

George Fawcett, who has lent yeoman service as a character actor to many a film, has signed a year's contract with Famous Players and will be in Hollywood shortly. With Theodore Roberts and Charles Ogle already in their exclusive employ, this will give the Lasky studio a trio of character actors of the very first ability.

Robertson-Cole announce that they have signed a starring contract with Ethel Clayton, calling for the production of six comedy dramas a year. Thus Miss Clayton finishes a long career as a Lasky star. In addition to Miss Clayton, this company announces that they have added Harry Carey, hitherto a Universal star, to their organization. Others who will make pictures under the R-C banner are Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven, Doris May, Jane Novak and Helen Jerome Eddy. It will be interesting to see what they will do with Miss Eddy, many of whose performances have indicated that all she needed to become an important figure in pictures was the right opportunity. Perhaps she will have it now.

Richard Walton Tully is busy with arrangements for filming *Omar the Tent Maker*. Guy Bates Post, who acted Mr. Tully's play, *The Masquerader*, for the films, will again be the star. Omar served Mr. Bates as a play for more than four years. It is, as many of you will recall, an imaginative, colorful play with the Omar of the Rubaiyat as its central figure.

The admirers of Milton Sills will be gratified to know that he is to be starred. Mr. Sills has just signed a contract with a San Francisco company which will take effect on the completion of his present engagement.

Marshall Neilan has installed a radiophone in his studio and announces that he expects to find many

practical uses for it. The first one apparently is to make a good press story.

Norma Talmadge's next appearance following *The Duchess de Langeais* will be in Edgar Selwyn's *The Mirage*. The play served Florence Reed as a starring vehicle last year.



TOP: Douglas McLean receives a visit from his father. Note the resemblance between father and son. CENTER: Patsy Ruth Miller gets the glad hand from Goldwyn on signing her new contract. BOTTOM: Yes, this is Harold Lloyd although it's hard to believe



THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED US

Gloria Swanson's nose; the concentrated hatefulness of von Stroheim; Harriet Hammond, before she left Sennett; Pola Negri eating; cushions on the seats at movie theaters; the blonde usherine on the extreme right of the Rialto Theatre, New York; the strenuous efforts of the censors to show a glimmer of intelligence; Lon Chaney's make-ups; Jackie Coogan shimmying in "My Boy;" guessing Nazi-mova's age; Bill Hart's Adam's apple; revivals of worth-while films like "The Miracle Man;" the dazzling orange and black dressing gown of R. Valentino; the sub-titles "I can never loose you" and "I don't do things by halves," encountered recently in a five-reel atrocity called "Any Night," at our neighborhood theatre; Elsie Ferguson's velvet voice.

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When we wish to escape for an hour or so from the terrific rush and roar of New York life we seek a movie theatre that is showing a picture with a nice, quiet title like "Hurricane Hutch."



The height of unhappiness, according to Wallace Reid, is to be in Cuba with a sore throat.

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Speaking of historical filmpays, there's "Ten Nights in a Barroom." As one exhibitor who showed this picture wrote in to the producer, "Can't make money with films like this and 'Deception,' which deal with ancient times."

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HOW TO LAND ON THE FRONT PAGE

Get yourself rumored to be engaged to Charlie Chaplin.
Throw some mud at Hollywood.
Pose like a Luxite ad—or even more so.

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Early to bed and early to rise, and you'll miss some of our best movies.

❖ ❖ ❖



It has been a dull week. No cameraman has announced the formation of his own company for the production and release of super-super-features.

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MATRIMONIAL DOUBLE PLAYS

Pickford to Moore to Fairbanks
Moore to Joyce to Adoree
Joyce to Moore to Regan
Swanson to Beery to Somborn
Chaplin to Harris to ?

Fond parents who have a hard job thinking up nice and unusual names for newly arriving offspring should go to the movies. There they'll find such novel monickers as:

Bebe	Viora	Colleen
Alla	Dagny	Tallulah
Leatrice	Fay	Vola

All girls, madam.

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IF THE LAD WHO WINS PRIZES FOR PICKING FLAWS IN MOVIES WERE TO APPLY HIS TALENT TO OTHER THINGS:



He would write to Mr. Heinz as follows:

In my third helping of beans at Childs' the other night, the fifth bean from the left in row four was circular instead of being egg-shaped.

To the orchestra leader at the Hotel Biltmore:

When your orchestra played "April Showers" at dinner Saturday evening, the second note in the third bar was slightly sour.

To the man who sculpted Venus de Milo:

In your statue of Venus de Milo the arms are missing.

To the village bootlegger:

The last assignment of hooch which you sent me contained 26½ per cent wood alcohol. This is much too high.

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Movie Star (at college football game, spotting cheer leader with megaphone): "My God, George, is he going to shoot a picture?"

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OPEN LETTER TO MR. VITAGRAPH:

Dear Sir—Of course the stupendous box-office popularity of "The Sheik" as a motion picture had nothing whatever to do with your releasing one immediately afterward called "The Sheik's Wife," and using the same style of advertising to promote it. Or did it?

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Friend of Star: "I'm mighty sorry I was ill and couldn't get around to your wedding."

Star: "Oh, that's all right. Perhaps you'll have better luck at my next one."

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Paramount is making "The Woman Who Walked Alone."
We have had the same trouble. We like onions, too.

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Conan Doyle, who sez he receives messages regularly from spirits, evidently didn't believe the movie "Dead Men Tell No Tales."



Ask Dad - He Knows

(Dad will be glad to tell you everything he knows about film plays and film players, provided your questions will prove of general interest to all readers. Address all communications to "Dad," FILMPLAY,

15 East 40th Street, New York City)

Peter.—See the article by William Duncan in June issue of FILMPLAY. He is not only an actor but a cartoonist of merit, and is also one of the best amateur boxers on the Pacific Coast. Adjoining his house in Los Angeles he has a very complete gymnasium in which he keeps in trim for the athletic and western roles in which he excels.

Lucy.—Charlie Chaplin's book, *My Trip Abroad*, recently published by Harper's, is what you mean, I think. You'll find it delightful reading, and you will find in it a picture of Charlie that has never before been given to the public.

Rosetta.—I have tried to verify the rumor you heard concerning Theda Bara's return to the screen. I believe it is correct, for there seems to be plans afoot for a series of vamp pictures in which she is to star under the direction of her husband, Charles Brabin.

Miriam.—Harry Carey's most recent Universal release is *Man to Man*, now being shown in first-run houses.

Charlotte Clark.—Are you setting your cap for Rodolph Valentino? When you ask what kind of women he likes I almost think you are. Honestly, that's a question I can't answer. A man's likes and dislikes are his own, you know, and Valentino has never confided to me what he thinks about women. I am sure, however, that he likes them best when they are sensible and not silly flappers who make a frightful fuss over him. You are right when you guess his age as about twenty-six. Of course he is considered good looking. He wouldn't be such a success in pictures if he weren't. He is the son of an Italian father and a French mother, and was born in southern Italy. He came to the United States to study agriculture, but later took up professional dancing, and from that went into small bits in the movies.

Elsie Onerlett.—Address Lloyd Hughes in care of the Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal.; Edward Earle at 2023 Caton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mario Carillo in care of Pyramid Pictures, 150 West 34th street, New York City. I suppose they charge the customary twenty-five cents for their photographs.

Robert.—Address Constance Binney in care of Paramount Pictures, 485 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Alibye.—Your letter interested me very much. Frankly, since I am not in close touch with the scenario departments of any producing companies at the moment, I cannot tell you whether or not any scenarios by "unknown authors" have been purchased during the last twelve months. I can tell you this, however, that I know for a fact that scenarios by unknown authors are read with as much care as any others when they are properly submitted. Doesn't it stand to reason that a trained writer will turn out better material than an amateur? Every author with a known name was unknown at one time. He has persisted and has eventually sold his work. Once

he has shown he is capable, of course his work is more readily considered. There is another side to the question. When an author sells a story he is inspired to do another and to make it better than his first. Therefore, with each new story he learns something about his trade. Writing stories, plays, scenarios—what you will in the fiction line—is like building a house. Parts are fitted and cut and twisted until the final piece of work is strong enough to stand alone. The trained author, too, as a rule, is willing to listen to the trained director and scenario writer when the question of adapting his material to the screen arises. The amateur is not. He believes, as a rule, that he has done a perfect piece of work. He would sell more articles if he were ready to learn from people who are in a position to instruct him. There is no longer, harder fight than that of the creative writer. The reason most people don't sell their stuff is that they haven't the courage or the strength to make the fight. Dion Boucicault, the famous actor, once said: "Plays are not written; they are rewritten." The same is true, and to an even greater extent, in the case of screen plays. If you have ambitions to write, write. Write a thousand words every day. In a year you will have written 365,000 words. Your stuff may not be all that it should be, but you will have learned how to handle words and you will have developed a style. Octavus Roy Cohen, now nationally known, sold his hundredth story to the Saturday Evening Post. After that he sold many of the earlier ones he had written. He didn't give up after one or two had been returned. Have I made it clear why I believe more "Unknowns" do not sell their scenarios?

Ruby.—Wallace Reid's most recent picture to be shown is *Across the Continent*. He is still at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

George.—Ethel Clayton has left the Paramount fold and is now with R-C Pictures. She may be addressed at the R-C Studio, Hollywood.

Pailthorpe.—I know of no director who specializes in directing juvenile parts. Your letter is rather incoherent, but I take it that by "juvenile" you mean "child" parts, despite the fact that in theatrical parlance "juvenile" has quite another meaning. Children often are used in pictures, as you know, but they are children who are on the lists of the casting directors of the various studios. One or two producing companies maintain companies which support "featured" youngsters—for example, Baby Peggy—but no director as far as I know makes a specialty of pictures in which children appear.

Elaine.—Dolores Cassinelli is making her own pictures at present, the first of which will be released in the near future.

Albert.—Mae Murray's *Fascination* is proving as big a hit as her *Peacock Alley*. At present she is working on a new production which is called, tentatively, at least, *Broadway Rose*. She may be addressed in care of Metro Pictures, New York City, the organization which releases her productions.

Blays.—We hadn't any idea of what had become of Maurice Costello, so we were considerably stumped by your question; but the fountain head of all movie wisdom, who sits at the desk next to ours, tells us that she saw him not long since in a Selznick picture called *Conceit*. You're welcome; but don't thank us, thank her.

Minnie.—Before you make the break and go to Hollywood with the idea of storming the studios, read Harry Leon Wilson's *Merton of the Movies*. It will make you laugh a good deal, but it should also make you think, for with all its humor and satire it is a very true picture of Hollywood and the conditions facing the ambitious aspirant to a screen career. Merton's foodless days are not fancy. Many an extra has gone through the same harrowing experiences and has not had the eventual success which is his. Don't go to Hollywood unless you are prepared to fight out a hard, discouraging battle. You may believe you have talent, but it is for the director to decide whether you really have or not, and it is not an easy thing to get the director's notice. Stay where you are, irksome as it may be, unless you are prepared to put up a fight that may last years.

Peter.—John S. Robertson has returned from Europe where he directed several pictures for Paramount and is now directing Mary Pickford in her new version of *Tess of the Storm Country*, a picture in which she made one of her greatest hits.

Helen.—Address Rodolph Valentino (and note the spelling of his first name) at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine street, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. E. D.—Rex Ingram has completed filming *The Black Orchid*, and is soon to begin work on a picture version of Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*. If you remember how good a job Mr. Ingram did in transplanting Balzac's *Eugenie Grandet* (called *The Conquering Power*) to the screen, you will probably look forward to this one with a good deal of pleasure.

Spectra.—The first full length feature picture to be photographed in so-called natural colors is *The Glorious Adventure*, an historical picture made in England and starring Lady Diana Manners. Opinions differ as to how successful it is. For our part, we didn't care for it.

Willard.—At last reports Pauline Frederick is about to desert the screen and go back to her first love—the spoken drama. It is said that she will appear in the fall under the management of A. H. Woods in a play by Somerset Maugham to be called *East of Suez*.

Mary.—Richard Barthelmess has completed *Sonny*, the picture which he has been making from the George Hobart play of the same name. He will be seen next in *The Bond Boy*, which has nothing to do with a broker's office, as you might suppose. It deals with a young man who is bonded out by his heartless parents to a farmer. We thought Lincoln did away with that sort of thing; but apparently not.

Bronx.—We do not think that Sidney Blackmer will be seen in pictures, although we understand that he has had several offers to appear on the screen. Should he decide to do so, it will probably be in a film version of his successful play *The Mountain Man*.

Fern.—Wallace MacDonald will be seen in support of his wife, Doris May, in a Robertson-Cole picture, *The Unexpected Honeymoon*. We do not think it is biography, for nobody ever made as many false starts toward a real one as those two. Their reported marriage, with a denial the next day, supplied the Los Angeles papers with news for a couple of months, before they finally up and cinched it.

I BELIEVE IN MYSELF AND IN MY WORK

(Continued from page 24)

whatever you have a mind to call the business of producing for the screen. Here was a man speaking with authority. It was not the disgruntled criticism of a person failing to find lucrative employment in the studios. It was not the wail of the pseudo intellectual nursing a grudge because of a rejected scenario manuscript. Frank Beresford was making a living from the screen and had done so for ten years previously.

"Motion picture production, as it now exists, is not an art," he said. "It is essentially an industry. In my opinion it will never become an art until it learns to stand alone.

"The screen borrows everything it uses from the other arts. Its plots are taken from the stories of literature. So far there is no screen literature worthy of the name. The sets are nothing more than practical architecture applied to the studio. There have been one or two exceptions to this, one of which was the scene construction in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, a German-made picture. The acting is largely an adaptation of stage technique and traditions. The same may be said of the direction. Some of these features are changed until they become almost unrecognizable, but the fact remains they are borrowed.

"The first stride toward the birth of the motion picture art will have been made, I believe, when a screen literature has been developed. We need that first of all, and we need it more than any other essential. We must have stories for the films, not garbled versions of best sellers by popular authors, or flimsy adaptations of popular stage dramas. Consider for a moment the vast possibilities offered the screen producer. These possibilities are not for the cold type of the printed page or the limited confines of a theatre stage. And we have hardly begun to develop them.

"I feel that the screen writer should have a larger share in the production of his work. He should labor in close partnership with the director, and to do this he should know the technique of production: camera possibilities and studio limitations, for instance. As pictures are now produced, they are no better than the man who directs them.

"The director in many instances is virtually the author, the writer supplying little more than the idea, the director following the story or digressing from it according to his inclinations, and moulding the characters as he sees them. The day is not far distant, I hope, when the scenarist and the director will work in something nearer collaboration.

"In this talk about art I do not mean the photodrama should be something beyond the grasp of the man in the street. I would make it his art. The intellectual has his books, his theatre, his opera, his music. The individual of uncultivated tastes, the man who has neither the inclination nor the opportunity to become a patron of the other arts should have his movies. I see the screen primarily as an art of the people. That is, I hope to see it so. Beauty must not be considered a gift from heaven to the cultured few.

"Censorship, which is a cramping influence in any art, was brought on by certain producers who really defeated their own ends. There is no more erroneous idea in the theatre than the belief that a risqué play is a sure money getter, and the same truth applies to the screen. Al Woods, whose farces have come under some criticism, made his financial success primarily through the production of perfectly innocuous melodramas, plays with virtuous country boys as heroes. The big plays and the big pictures, from box office viewpoints, have been clean morally.

Charlie Chaplin's Book

"There are few books which have been published lately that afford a more intimate acquaintance with their author," is what Tracy Lewis says in the *New York Morning Telegraph* of

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"Returning to the literature of the screen, I believe it will be a development of the melodrama idea. Action is the thing for the screen, action and more action. Character, yes, but active characters. Not necessarily gun fights and crime. But stories of men and women who do things and do them convincingly. For I insist when picture production has become an art it will be an art for the people, as it is now the mere entertainment of the masses."

THE "SPANISH" FILM INVADES AMERICA

(Continued from page 33)

nothing. It is an actual fact that almost the entire populace—men, women and children—was there looking for the opportunity of getting into the movies.

The Dictator is another of the recently completed Paramount pictures containing Spanish atmosphere. The film was made from the famous story by Richard Harding Davis, and the Reid company went to the Mexican border in order to get the proper surroundings. While on their way back to Hollywood *The Dictator* company met Jack Holt, Bebe Daniels and Director Joseph Henabery and the rest of his staff headed for the muddy Rio Grande to make *North of the Rio Grande*.

The sudden popularity of the *Spanish* picture is unexplainable. The movie fan is the most fickle person in the world. One day he is clamoring for "costume" pictures. Shortly after he shouts for "mother" pictures. Heartlessly deserting the "mother" films, he is soon asking for comedies. Just now he wants "Spanish" films. Tomorrow he may be crying for "daddy" pictures. In the meantime the sunny land of pretty dancing señoritas has captured the American public and the result is showing.

AU REVOIR HOLLYWOOD AND GOOD-BYE

(Continued from page 6)

Time was when you could cross Hollywood Boulevard in a leisurely fashion, stopping to doff your hat to some friend passing in an ambling victoria; or to pick a vagrant poppy struggling up between the cobblestones. I am not certain that there is a Hollywood Boulevard any more. The sign posts say there is; but I do not recall having seen it. Yet I suppose there must be some sort of thoroughfare beneath that mad, plunging, insanely-driven mass of motor cars. Some of them are nickelplated limousines with initials in pink on the door. That street is no longer a place for open carriages openly arrived at. It is probably a motorist's idea of Paradise. All I know is that you have to go to the Mayor on Monday for an Order of Safe Conduct if you happen to have an engagement on the other side of that maelstrom on Thursday.

Time was when the Hollywood Hotel was a quiet place filled with charming elderly ladies, clad in black alpacas, who still kept up their subscriptions to the *Boston Transcript*.

Well, there are still some of the same charming elderly ladies about. The years have added their touch of grace. But something has happened to their minds. They seem to have entered into a second adolescence. Their subscriptions are all to the movie magazines. And like Madame Defarge, they sit all day rocking and knitting. But it is mostly conversational knitting, and they are weaving dark verbal shrouds for darker reputations.

Yes, something has happened to the town. And something has happened to the people.

But that will have to wait for another time.
(To be continued)

PIONEERING IN THE FIELD OF ANIMATED CARTOONS

(Continued from page 19)

brokenly like some masculine Pandora who just had opened a second pestilence-filled box, "as long as I stuck solely to little Bobbie and straight animated cartooning, my life was one of sunshine and roses, but now—now that I'm using human beings and animals n' everything in my pictures—Saints preserve us! It's about as peaceless as it once was peaceful!

"In the old days I used to kid the directors at the studio about their 'star' troubles—the regular calls for more money, the threats to jump to rival concerns, the mulish refusals and temperamental flights on the part of these high-strung individuals when the continuity demanded some difficult or dangerous bit of business, their bitter recriminations in answer to every 'retake' call, the lay-off whenever they were the least bit headachy or out of sorts.

"Ah! And then I would verbally flaunt in their faces the manifold virtues of my little Bobbie, his undying devotion and loyalty, his ever-ready amiability, his intelligence and willingness to do anything and everything under the sun for me at any and all times of the day or night.

"But now—now, no longer can I boast. I've let myself in for all their troubles and more. You see, I am my own scenario-writer, casting-director, director, cameraman, editor and cutter these days. Naturally, then, I make that one-eyed man at the three-ringed circus you hear so much about look like a loafer. I admit that. But I wouldn't mind it so much, if only—if only my wife didn't play bridge—"

"Play bridge?" we echoed. "What's the idea? We fail to connect."

"Well, it's this way—you see, I thought I had everything all set to start on my second picture tomorrow when blooey! The wife pops up with a bridge date and Junior (his son) with a birthday party and as I need them both—well, what's a poor man to do but call it all off until they are good and ready to go back to work. I tell you, a man's only dependable children are those born of his brain!"

Which only goes to show, as we have stated before, though perhaps in less obvious words, that there is a dark side to every silver-lined cloud if only you keep your weather eye peeled for it.

EAST COAST ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 47)

be the biggest picture she has ever made. In it she plays the madcap princess who falls in love with Charles Brandon. Quite in contrast to this role is the one she plays in Marie Corelli's *The Young Diana*. With this article there is published a picture of Miss Davies as she appears in the early scenes of the picture. Her best friends will have to look twice to recognize her for she has hidden her beauty under the mask of age so successfully that the Marion Davies of every picture heretofore released is completely lost.

Hugo and Mabel Ballin have just completed work on *Married People*, a picture based on the story that won \$1,000 for Nell Marie Dace, a Chicago stenographer, in the recent scenario contest inaugurated by Mr. Ballin. Percy Marmont, the popular English leading man, plays opposite Mabel Ballin, while Ernest Hilliard is the villain. Others in the cast are Dick Lee, Charlie Fang and Bobby Clarke, a seven-year-old youngster who has a very big role.

Mae Murray is busy on another production directed by Robert Z. Leonard which has been named, tentatively at least, *Broadway Rose*. The story is of the type which has given Miss Murray so many congenial roles.

NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture.

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action mentally and physically. The restlessness of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active, and sensitive nerves, as they indicate the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition, and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm, and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Note: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psychophysic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbot feats; a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in recent issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 540, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet with your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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A CUT-BACK ON DOUG

(Continued from page 35)

about his picture career to tell today. Six years ago he considered the greatest feather in his cinema cap was finding Bessie Love the first day she ever took part in "atmosphere." She afterward played opposite him and he used to say that when he saw what a good actress she had become he almost felt he had been cut out for a casting director rather than a star.

The summer of 1916 was the last which Doug spent in the East. His contract with Triangle called for personal supervision of all his productions by Mr. Griffith. This supervision he failed to receive and *American Aristocracy* was the last picture he made before affiliating himself with Famous Players on the Western coast.

The people associated with this last production of his in this section of the country are certainly illustrative of the evolution of pictures. Anita Loos, who wrote the story, meant, at that time, only one of those persons to whom credit is given before an impatient audience may see the picture. Today her name as authoress is of immense advertising value to any screen-play. Lloyd Ingram, the director, has continued doing fine work, notably with Viola Dana. Jewel Carmen, who impersonated the daughter of the "hump hair-pin king" in *American Aristocracy*, is today a star in her own right. Albert Parker, the treacherous villain, whose attempt to smuggle gunpowder to Mexico in malted milk jars is foiled by Doug in the last reel, is now a distinguished director, at present making *Sherlock Holmes*, featuring John Barrymore.

And most assuredly Doug's figurative strides, as well as his literal ones, have been long during these years between. The measly salary of \$365 a day, which he drew in 1916, has reached a purported annual income of one million dollars.

When I spent one morning with him during his recent trip to New York I asked him what he considered his most important achievement since I had last seen him. I confess I expected him to say something about *The Three Musketeers*, but he fooled me. He unhesitatingly replied, "The greatest thing I've done is to become 'Mr. Mary Pickford'."

I'm a great Pickford admirer myself, but for once I disagree with Doug. To me the most worthwhile thing he has done is to have gone right on making good pictures, affording pleasure to millions of people and building up for himself a reputation as a teacher of "the habit of happiness."

THE FLORENCE VIDOR I KNOW

(Continued from page 11)

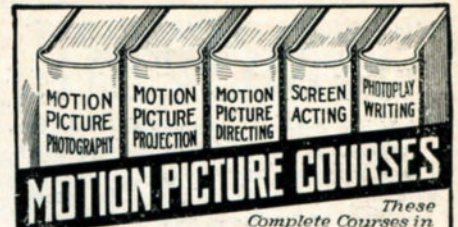
much different. Instead of helping me make pictures she'd help me by making both ends meet at home, by making her own clothes, by running our little house as best she could. We have been fortunate, of course, and I am quite ready to give all credit for our success to Florence Vidor. You see I love my wife.

The Thorns of Success

SINCE her elevation to stardom Norma Talmadge has received 5,234 proposals of marriage by mail. And she already has a husband.

Since his fight in "Tol'able David," 236 fans have asked Dick Barthelmess when he will sign for a match with Bennie Leonard.

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PORTRAYING A PRINCESS

(Continued from page 23)

day has not dimmed Miss Davies' ardor for the screen version of this vivid old historical romance. Her limousine was drawn up at the curb of Cosmopolitan studios by nine o'clock every morning while the picture was being made and after a long and trying day before the glaring lights she would not go home until she had seen the "rushes" or films showing the scenes taken that day.

Three studios were required to film *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. It is one of the most elaborate productions yet made in America and bids fair to eclipse even the sumptuous foreign-made photoplays which have caused so much comment here. Joseph Urban designed the wonderful settings, which include court scenes in both England and France and a street scene two blocks long showing the wedding procession of Princess Mary and King Louis XII, and in which seven hundred persons were employed. In fact, the splendors of the courts of both England and France are to be unrolled before the eyes of American photoplaygoers in the most realistic fashion yet portrayed on the screen. No stone was left unturned by the Cosmopolitan Productions to get the exact atmosphere of the times portrayed.

The cast supporting Miss Davies includes many of the best known actors and actresses on both sides of the Atlantic. The jovial King Henry is portrayed by Lyn Harding, for nine years one of the commanding figures of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's company and who was brought over from London especially to appear in this picture. He has played the role of the much-married monarch over two hundred times on the legitimate stage. Forrest Stanley, seen with Miss Davies for the first time in *Enchantment*, plays the role of Charles Brandon.

VIEWS ABOUT PREVIEWS

(Continued from page 41)

belongs in another picture, known as *Turn to the Right*. It is a little confusing because there is something about a race horse in that picture, too; but it comes at the beginning of the picture and not at the end. So there really is no excuse for our not distinguishing the two. Just another proof of how much a creature of habit the mind becomes. But we neglected to say that *Turn to the Right* is all about a young man who was falsely accused of a crime, sent to prison, released, and later joined by two ex-crooks. There. We think we have it all straight, now.

We didn't care very much for *Turn to My Old Kentucky Home*.

But to go back to our first idea: we are thinking of making a film version of Tolstoy's *The Living Corpse* and calling it *Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground*. Take warning. All rights reserved.

MAKING A MOTION PICTURE PRODUCER

(Continued from page 36)

"During the past year I've tried to do unusual subjects well, but during the present year, on account of the censorship, I shall try to do sound common sense subjects unusually well."

"Now, Mr. Bennett, about the morals of the moving picture studios?" "The morals of the men and women in the moving picture studios," he replied, "are a little worse than those of the oldtime stock companies, and a little better than the morals of the men and women in the Metropolitan Opera Company."

\$1,500 for a plot

Can YOU Write a Scenario?

Just a few years ago an author was glad to get \$15 for a motion picture scenario.

Today the average price paid for a plot synopsis is \$1500.

Producers are begging for stories. Leaders in the film industry are encouraging new screen writers. The handful of photodramatists writing today cannot fill the demand. Without stories, the photoplay industry cannot exist. The producers *cannot get enough good scenarios.*

Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

The successful novelist or short story writer has definitely failed in the motion picture field. Newly trained photodramatists have written and conceived the plots that have been developed into the most successful feature photoplays. For the most part the men and women who are supplying the stories were, just a few years ago, farmers, teachers, clerks, housewives, office employees.

You do not need literary ability. The producers do not want fine writing. They want plots—strong, dramatic plots, written in simple synopsis form.

But this does not mean that anyone can sit down and dash off a scenario. Scenarios must contain sound dramatic material, they must be developed along the principles of photoplay construction, and they must be written in the language of the studios. This is merely technical matter. Anyone can master it.

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THE FORUM—Filmpay's New Department

See page 44

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August Issue—"Things I Don't Like in Moving Pictures"

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THUMBS DOWN ON THE ROMAN MOVIES

(Continued from page 13)

no matter who they were, the governess gave them all up, or him up, sooner or later—about the fourth reel, we think—in order to reform and be noble. This was a grand step to be taken by a girl who had been only a governess in a poor duke's household, with the exception of the few weeks she was a cabaret dancer at Monte Carlo, clad in a single strip of silk and a peacock's tail. This dancing scene took place during one of the most compromising periods of her life. During the enactment of this drama, Signora Fougez was shown to be far from pretty and even farther from talent. Her cameraman was also unkind. Her seduction scenes pictured her as looking like the witch of Endor, with gestures.

Besides Fougez and Jacobini, Manzoni is also a popular Italian star. So is Mary Pickford, billed as Pichford to get the hard sound. So also is a man named and billed as Douglas whom we recognized as Fairbanks in *Nella Luna Reaching for the Moon* the moment we saw him and his muscles play. Priscilla Dean also plays the Roman route, having appeared at the *Modernissimo*, one of the cinemas in the smart American and English quarters of Rome, in *La Bestia Nera*. Nick Carter is also screened by Italian bandits for young Italians who are still unfamiliar with crime.

All of these films are for the common soul. The Roman aristocrats do not go to the movies. They play about in each other's palaces high in the healthy hills or give masked balls before Lent. They go to mass and drive the streets behind liveried men servants, but the coachman never reins the prancing steeds before a humble cinema door.

* * *

The Roman movie situation is curious. The city has almost a million inhabitants, including tourists. About fifty million lire of local capital has been invested in Italian movie studios, all of which are bankrupt. Judging by the bad movies Romans flock to, they like movies, perhaps bad ones especially. A certain amount of money jingles in their pockets which some clever producer could take away from them if he had a decent house to show

his films in. But he hasn't. Anyhow, there isn't any clever Italian producer as far as we know.

Whatever producers there are make bad films and they are shown in small, unventilated houses where a tired girl, with her hat on, bangs at a more tired piano until the male orchestra arrives about nine p. m. Then the music picks up a bit under the baton of the leader, who also keeps his hat on. It must be a sign of office. If he is in a working mood, he will direct Rimsky Korsakoff or even snatches of *Doris Goudenov* sometimes. Back of him in the bare theatre the men smoke beneath the non-smoking signs and spit beneath the non-spitting signs and family life goes on as usual.

* * *

With the exception of Sunday afternoons, most Roman cinemas are not open until the evening performances, the main one beginning at 9:30. In the afternoons Rome walks in the city gardens, which are lovely. In the *Pincio*, say, once the famous garden of Lucullus, the best wine-bibber of his time, and where later Messalina, a Roman lady living about 200 or so, gave moonbeam parties that would alarm even the Hollywood movie colony today. In this park, young priests in scarlet and black cassocks roam beneath fine trees all day long, making a delightful if idle picture. Or Romans may walk in the *Janiculum*, an old garden that used to belong to the Popes and is famed for its statues and shrubbery. Or they can walk in the Forum where the Caesars made the history we have to learn or in the temples of Augustus where marble pillars and bronze tubs are still signs that the Romans once bathed.

The best water in the world flows to Rome through its old aqueducts and most of it is used in public fountains, not in the home. In one film seen in the city, the worst crime committed by a roistering school girl, whose absurd antics made up a long show, was to take a bath in the sea. She was expelled from her school for this.

But outside of its bathrooms, Rome is not dry. After the film, you can wander into a café and have a glass, if you choose. That's the best thing about the Roman movies. The only thing.

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as the Romans—up to a certain degree. But it seems as though you were doing too much when you have to go to their cinemas. You would rather do as the New Yorkers do, as well as the people in *Terre Haute* and *Kankakee*—go to a good show while you are about it.

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Philip Kerby leads us through the movie theatres of the Philippines in an article entitled *Serially Speaking*.

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May McAvoy, who suddenly sprang into prominence through her splendid work in *Sentimental Tommy*, is described by her mother.

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Gladys Hall writes of Rita Weiman, playwright, author and creator of many successful picture plays.

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Abraham Carlos, responsible for an American film company abroad, uses American methods to get what he wants; an amusing article by Janet Flanner.

The FORUM

Planning Your Own Pictures

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